

# Zion's Herald.

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## Zion's Herald.

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EVEN NOW.

BY HON. J. E. DAWLEY.

Even now, while my weary feet  
Are treading the mortal shore,  
I seem to be walking the golden street  
With the dear ones gone before.

Even now, as I stand on the shore  
Of the river of blessing, alone,  
Brighter and fairer than ever before  
Seems the beautiful, great white throne.

Even now there comes to my ear,  
As I soar on devotional wing,  
The music that rings through the heavenly  
sphere.

The songs which the glorified sing.  
O vision ecstatic to me!  
So precious, so distant, so near,  
Foreshowing what is to be  
In the land so delightful and dear!

O Father in heaven, look down  
While low in Thy presence I bow,  
And help me to feel that the crown  
Is not very far, even now!

Even now, while I faltering pray  
To the Father of mercies above,  
I turn from all human endings away,  
And rest on His bosom of love.

## ANNE: COUNTESS OF STOLBERG- WERNIGERODE.\*

BY REV. M. J. CRAMER, D. D.

The want, in our Protestant churches, of well-trained female nurses, of a decided Christian character, for public and private institutions of charity, has been felt for years; and many efforts have been made, both in this country and in Europe, to meet it. Hence, quite a number of so-called "deaconess institutes" have been established for the purpose of training, as nurses, those among the Christian women who feel themselves called to devote their lives to the physical and spiritual amelioration of suffering humanity. Many Christian ladies of great intelligence and high social position have already set noble examples in this respect. Among them the late Anne, Countess of Stolberg-Wernigerode, of Prussia, occupies a prominent place. We will give here a brief sketch of her life and work, for the encouragement of such as feel it their duty to engage in a work similar to hers.

At the east end of the city of Berlin, Prussia, there rises, in the midst of a beautiful and shady grove, a stately building with several turrets. It is the "Deaconess Institute," called "Bethany." It is designed for the care and treatment of the indigent sick of the Evangelical Church of Prussia. Its establishment was one of the first charitable acts of King Frederick William IV., after he had ascended the throne of Prussia.

On the 3d of June, 1853, while the trees and flowers of that extensive grove were still blooming and filling the air with their fragrance, a stately equipage might have been seen driving up to the door of that Institute. The carriage-door was ornamented with the crown and coat-of-arms of a count. A young lady gazed joyously out of the carriage-window upon the beautiful scenery and the stately building. This young lady, together with a gray-haired gentleman of noble mien and knightly bearing, and an elderly lady of distinguished appearance, ascended a flight of stone steps and rang the door-bell. A deaconess, dressed in black and wearing a white hood, opened the door. A smile played upon her lips, for she knew who the eminent visitors were. She conducted them to the room of the matron of "Bethany"—a charming Christian lady, though a suffering invalid. All three—father, mother and daughter—stood before the sick-bed of the patient sufferer.

"Honored matron," said the father, "to-day we bring to you our daughter Anne, who wishes to devote herself to the office and work of a deaconess. The love of God, as well as the inclination of her own heart, induced her to come to this house, in order that she might serve, as a nurse, the sick brethren and sisters in the Lord. Willingly we give her up to this work."

"Your Excellency," said the matron, "your child shall be to me like a beloved daughter, and the wish of her heart shall be gratified."

Anne knelt by the bedside of the matron. The latter's trembling hand brushed back the rich auburn locks from the smooth white brow of the fair girl, and placed a plain white hood on her head. A kiss sealed the act. Anne, Countess of Stolberg-Wernigerode, fifth child of Count and Countess Anton and Louise von Stolberg-Wernigerode, Lieutenant General in the army, Minister and Grand Chamberlain of the Prussian court, became now a sub-

deaconess in the "Deaconess Institute, Bethany," clothed in a plain black woolen dress, and a white hood or cap for a head-dress. She bore the simple name of "Sister Anne," for no higher titles are given in that Institute.

In the old but beautiful castle of Peterwaldau, in the province of Silesia, there lived, at the beginning of the present century, Count Christian Friedrich von Stolberg-Wernigerode. He was surrounded by many of his children and grandchildren. He was an earnest Christian, and his mode of life was plain and simple. Unostentatious piety and benevolence have ever been the chief characteristics of that ancient family. Their palace was ever the refuge of the suffering and the oppressed, where they found open hands and hearts. In this house of peace and love Anne was born on the 6th of September, 1829, the fifth among nine children of Count and Countess Anton and Louise von Stolberg-Wernigerode.

Frederick William IV. had scarcely ascended the throne of Prussia, when he called his "dear Anne," as he familiarly called the Count, to Berlin, and appointed him minister of the royal house and grand chamberlain of the court—the highest civil offices in the gift of the King. A new world of splendor and gaiety was thus opened to the young countess, but she was neither dazzled nor bewildered by it. She took only so much of an active part in the gayeties and festivities of the court as was required by the high social and official position of her father; and even then her heart remained unmoved by the splendor of her surroundings. How many of our American-republican young ladies would thus remain unmoved by the fascinating brilliancy of court-life? A quiet hour at the tea-table of that pious King and his excellent Queen, Elizabeth, was far more agreeable to her than the ceaseless gayeties of the capital.

During some of these quiet hours she had an opportunity of seeing and hearing for the first time Elizabeth Fry, England's great female apostle in inaugurating improvements in the management of prisons and prisoners. Anne eagerly watched and studied this noble Quaker lady sitting between the King and the Queen on the sofa, and conversing with them on the necessity of improving the condition of the prisoners, of establishing houses of refuge for the fallen and outcast of both sexes, and free schools for the poor and neglected children. Elizabeth Fry spoke to royal words of burning eloquence and power in behalf of suffering humanity. Nor were her efforts in vain; for the King not only caused improvements to be introduced in the management of the prisons throughout Prussia, but he also established during the same year that benevolent Deaconess Institute in Berlin called "Bethany," which afterwards became both the home and the sphere of usefulness of Countess Anne.

After the political storms of 1848 had subsided, which had driven the royal family and their friends from Berlin, Count Anton's family found themselves again at the Prussian court. Again and again the young countess would tear herself away from the scenes of gaiety and mirth, and spend a few days at the Deaconess Institute, "Bethany." "I feel nowhere so happy as in 'Bethany,'" whither I retired as often as I could," she wrote afterward to a friend. "Very soon," she continued, "an intense desire arose in my heart to be permitted to enter 'Bethany' as a deaconess, and to serve the Lord and suffering humanity in company with other sisters." Sooner than she had ventured to hope, her parents gave their consent to devote herself to the noble calling of being a "deaconess." On the 3d of June, 1853, Countess Anne von Stolberg-Wernigerode, accompanied by her parents, entered the Deaconess Institute, on probation, as "Sister Anne." She had chosen no easy calling. Incessant labor from early morning till late at night, often the most disagreeable and sickening, was her lot; but true love overcomes all difficulties.

On the 5th of January, 1854, the matron of "Bethany" died; and on the 2d of February following, the board of directors having elected the Countess, she was solemnly installed as chief matron of "Bethany," in the presence of the King and Queen.

Two important events withdrew her for weeks from "Bethany"—the Danish-Prussian war in 1864, and the great famine in the eastern province of Prussia in 1868. During the former she labored with untiring zeal and energy in the field-hospitals near Hamburg and Plessburg. She made no distinction among the sick and wounded soldiers of her King and those of the enemy. Said her father to her on one occasion: "Mother Anne, you understand no Danish, and you have so many soldiers of the enemy to take care of." "Of the enemy I understand and speaks all languages on earth," was her reply. During the winter of 1867-68, famine and intense cold reigned fearfully in the eastern province of Prussia. Thither she followed her brother to alleviate to some extent the sufferings and want of the population. Late at night, on January 20, she arrived in the little city called Rhein. The misery and suffering she found there no pen could describe. Forty persons, dying of hunger and cold, were literally piled up in two small rooms. In another room, dripping with water from melted snow and ice, were huddled together five or six families consisting of about thirty per-

sons, trying to keep each other warm, and shivering from cold and hunger. "My heart stood still when I first entered these poisoned holes; such nameless misery among human beings I have never seen," she wrote to a friend. With the energy and devotion of a heroic and loving heart, she set herself to work to organize systematic and immediate relief. "Unheard-of things were accomplished by her in a short time," wrote an eye-witness. Large, airy rooms were prepared and furnished with stoves, fuel, provisions and clean bedding for the sufferers. Day and night she was engaged in sewing, washing, and nursing.

But this proved too much for her constitution. On the 28th of January, she arrived in "Bethany," bearing herself the symptoms of typhoid fever. On the 2d of February following, she, in company with her aged mother, commenced for the last time in the house-chapel of "Bethany." On the 16th the Sisters stood weeping around her death-bed, and early on the morning of the 17th, she fell gently asleep in Jesus. The King and Queen deposited laurel and myrtle wreaths on her coffin—symbols of victory and virginity. The nobility and the poor alike followed her remains to their last resting-place. A plain white marble tablet, with her name and the dates of her birth and death inscribed on it, marks her grave. But in thousands of hearts she has erected a monument by her deeds of love more enduring than marble or bronze. "Her works do follow her."

Thus lived and died a lady of high rank. Like Moses she relinquished the gaiety and splendor of a royal court, and by faith chose rather to suffer affliction with [and for] the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Her life was full of deeds of charity, of moral heroism, and loving devotion to the cause of God and of suffering humanity. Young lady, let the love of Jesus constrain you to a life of similar devotion to the cause of God and of humanity, and remember, that "If you want a field of labor, You can find it anywhere."

Elizabeth, N. J., October, 1886.

## BISHOP COKE'S VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. W. McDONALD.

(Read before the New England Methodist Historical Society, Oct. 18, 1886, and published by request of the Society.)

In the fall of 1803 Bishop Coke made his ninth and last voyage to America. Unfortunately he either did not keep a journal of that voyage, or, if he did, it must have been lost, as no trace of it has ever been discovered, and even his biographers are almost entirely silent on the subject.

The Bishop landed on our shores about the last of October, or the first of November. Bishop Asbury had planned to have him attend the seven Annual Conferences. But as this would have required at least nine months, it is very certain that he did not carry out Bishop Asbury's arrangement, as he left for England some time before the nine months expired. It was during this visit that Bishop Coke accepted an invitation to preach before the American Congress. The subject of his sermon was: "The wisdom, dignity and importance of the Gospel, as contrasted with the spirit of the world." It is said to have been "eloquent and sublime."

The General Conference of 1804 met in Baltimore, in the month of May. Bishop Coke was present, and presided for the last time, never having attended another General Conference. At the close of the Conference, he made his first and last visit to New England. Coming to New York, he took passage to Providence, R. I., and from thence as far east as Marblehead, Mass.

Bishop Coke was under the necessity of making his long and frequent voyages in sailing crafts, as steamships were unknown in those days. He landed in Newport, R. I., where Rev. Thomas Lyell was temporarily stationed; and from Newport, accompanied by Mr. Lyell, to Bristol, where they were entertained by Capt. William Pearce, familiarly known as "Father Pearce." It was the desire of the people that the Bishop should preach to them. But the Congregational church, being denied them, they made application to the St. Michael's Episcopal Church, which at the time was without a rector, for permission to occupy that. Strong objections, at first, were made; but after being satisfied that the Doctor was a presbyter of the Church of England, a graduate of Oxford, a doctor of laws, and that he had been episcopally ordained, the objections were withdrawn, and the Bishop was allowed to preach in the Episcopal church, on one condition, viz., that Capt. Pearce should blow out the candles at the close of the service, it being the first evening meeting ever held in the church.

On the following day Capt. Pearce conveyed Bishop Coke and Mr. Lyell, in his small packet, to Providence. A gentleman in New York, whose name is unknown, learning of the Bishop's contemplated visit to Providence, addressed a note to Mr. James Burrill, esq., a lawyer, and a highly respected citizen of Providence, informing him of the Bishop's coming, and requesting that he be received and entertained in a manner due an English Bishop.

There was in Providence a small Methodist class, organized six years before by Rev. Joshua Hall, of which Shubal Cady was leader. But they were "little and unknown." Providence was at that time a circuit, with three preachers—Assa Pattle, D. Burge, and Clement Parker—neither of whom seems to have resided in the town.

A crowd gathered at the wharf, as the packet drew near, some from curiosity to see, and others to welcome, an English Bishop to the city of Roger Williams. Arrangements had been made for the entertainment of the Bishop with Mr. John Enos Clarke, a wealthy citizen of Providence, whose carriage was in waiting at the wharf to convey the Bishop to his palatial residence on "College Hill." But as the Bishop landed, and was introduced to Messrs. Clark and Burrill, he inquired if there were any Methodists in town. They expressed entire ignorance of the existence of such a people. But Shubal Cady, the class-leader, being present and hearing the Bishop's inquiry, came forward and modestly answered that there was a small class, but not much known in the town. The Bishop further inquired, where the Methodist preachers stopped when they came to town? And being informed that they usually stopped with Mr. Turpin, he expressed a strong desire, if it were convenient, to stop where the Methodist preachers stopped. Mr. Turpin, being present, was introduced to the Bishop, and assured him that it would be very gratifying to the family to entertain him, though in comparatively humble circumstances. The matter of entertainment being settled, Mr. Clark's carriage conveyed the Bishop to the humble home of Mr. Turpin, on the southwest corner of High and Stewart Streets.

Benjamin Turpin, at whose house Bishop Coke was entertained, was formerly a birthright Quaker, but marrying out of the society, had forfeited his membership. He became strongly attached to the Methodists, and subsequently united with them. Mrs. Turpin was a member of Rev. Mr. Wilson's church, and remained a member until her triumphant death, which occurred in 1843. She was ardently attached to the Methodists, often saying that she loved the very name of Methodist. She was often complained of by her pastor, Mr. Wilson, and others, for giving her influence in favor of the Methodists. But she modestly replied that she felt it her duty to stand by the Methodists. Few persons in Providence aided the early Methodists more, if as much, as Mr. and Mrs. Turpin. Their house was the home of Methodist preachers for years. Mr. Turpin's barn stood on the spot where now stands the Stewart St. Baptist Church, known as the "Perry Davis" Church. From that spot many a fervent prayer ascended to God from the old Methodist preachers, for the salvation of Providence.

Rev. Thomas Lyell, who accompanied Bishop Coke to Providence, was a man of such ability, and so little known in these times in Methodist circles, that a brief notice of him here may not be out of place. He was a man of marked pulpit power, and is said to have been the Summerfield of his times. He joined the traveling connection in 1791, and had the honor of filling some of the first appointments in the connection. In 1798 he was stationed in the old Light St. Church, Baltimore, then the cathedral of Methodism. Soon after, he was elected chaplain to Congress, under the administration of the elder Adams, and was the first Methodist preacher ever elected to that office; but being a Federalist, he was ousted upon the incoming of the Democrats under Jefferson.

In 1802 and 1803, he was stationed in Boston, with Epaphras Kibby; and a most remarkable revival attended their labors, which extended into the Baptist and Congregational churches. He was next sent to Newport, R. I., for three months, to start our work in that town; after which he located, and subsequently united with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was, at the time of his death (1850), rector of Christ Church in New York city. It is claimed—but with how much authority I cannot say—that Brown University, impressed with his eminent talents, conferred upon him the honorary degree of master of arts. After his connection with the Episcopal Church, he received the degree of doctor of divinity.

Bishop Asbury was not well pleased with Mr. Lyell's location and union with the Episcopal Church. He had seen Mr. Lyell at the Baltimore Conference in May, and had some intimations of his purpose. In the following June, he made this record in his journal: "To-day Mr. Lyell spoke out in a letter to me, saying that he wished to be located. I thought that I had discovered his design during the sitting of the General Conference in Baltimore. I am willing that he should belong to the church people; I believe they have more need of him than the Methodists have. I answered Mr. Lyell by telling him that I would do what I could to procure him a location at the Boston Conference." The New England Conference held its session that year in Buxton, Maine, at which time Mr. Lyell was returned among those "who are located through weakness of body, or family concerns."

Notwithstanding Bishop Asbury's indirect reflection on Mr. Lyell, there is some evidence that he was forced to take the course he did by some foolish

freak of ecclesiasticism, from which, as a denomination, we have not always been entirely free. Mr. Lyell had the reputation of being a good man; and it is known that he always retained his love and esteem for his old associates; and when the Conference was held in New York, he often, to show his respect for the preachers, invited them to dine with him.

Having said so much of Mr. Turpin, at whose house Bishop Coke was entertained, and of Dr. Lyell, who accompanied him to Providence, we will return to the Bishop.

(To be continued.)

## LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

BY REV. WILLIAM BUTLER, D. D.

MR. EDITOR: As we came out of our church in Huntingdon, West Tennessee, at noon, on Friday last, Bishop Foss remarked to the writer, "Brother Butler, it is evident that 'Bob' and 'Alf' will draw heavily on this prediction of the existence of such a people. But Shubal Cady, the class-leader, being present and hearing the Bishop's inquiry, came forward and modestly answered that there was a small class, but not much known in the town. The Bishop further inquired, where the Methodist preachers stopped when they came to town? And being informed that they usually stopped with Mr. Turpin, he expressed a strong desire, if it were convenient, to stop where the Methodist preachers stopped. Mr. Turpin, being present, was introduced to the Bishop, and assured him that it would be very gratifying to the family to entertain him, though in comparatively humble circumstances. The matter of entertainment being settled, Mr. Clark's carriage conveyed the Bishop to the humble home of Mr. Turpin, on the southwest corner of High and Stewart Streets."

They poured along on foot, on horseback and in carriages, wearing the colors of their respective favorites—the white roses and plumes being for "Bob," as his Democratic partisans love to call him; and the red for "Alf," the Republican candidate. How interested and excited they were was evident in the fact that several hundred ladies and girls were in procession, zealously displaying the colors of their favorite candidate and cheering heart and soul into the enthusiasm of the occasion! It was manifest, also, that the Republicans were in the majority, and that their display was more magnificent than that of their rivals. The colored people, too, were with them—some hundreds of them well mounted on horses. This county of Carroll has been decidedly Republican for several years past, which explains the grand turn-out which they made. I was astonished. Here we were, down South, almost on the borders of Mississippi and Arkansas, in the midst of this courageous display of political preferences; and I wondered whereunto this thing would grow ere the sun went down that day. But there was little need for solicitude on that ground, as the event proved.

After dinner the firing of cannon and the cheers of the two processions announced their entrance; and, being urged to witness the scene (so novel to me), and even offered a seat on the platform, I went, and for the first time in my life found myself among the politicians, anxious only to understand what all this meant for liberty and good government and social order in the midst of the great Southland.

At one o'clock the two candidates came upon the platform amid the enthusiastic cheers of their respective partisans; and when order was secured, "Bob" was introduced to the audience as "Tennessee's next governor." The gentlemanly aspect of the man led me to anticipate a fair and candid discussion of his theme; but from the very first he struck a different tone. It was painful to listen to his misrepresentation of the other side, and to his abuse of the distorted image which he had created out of his own imagination. For nearly an hour and a half he poured out his reckless tirades upon the Republican party. It was amazing to hear the long list of misdoings which he laid to their charge. As he grew heated, he assumed that the figure of that party stood there before him, and he proceeded to weave his accusations into garlands of crime and misdeeds; and then he would advance and hang them, one after another, round his neck, grimacing, which would cause the crowd to explode with laughter. He finished with a little story, which, he said, illustrated the present position of the two great parties:

Once on a time a rabbit went to take a drink at a well where one bucket went up as the other went down; and in an incautious moment he got into the bucket that hung on the top, which forthwith descended by his weight into the water, and sunk down to the bottom, leaving the rabbit floundering on the surface till his body was half full of water and he was ready to perish. Just then, the other bucket, having gone up to the top, there came to the edge of the well a "possum," who, looking down, saw the rabbit below, and earnestly inquired what he was doing down there. The rabbit replied, "I am fishing." The "possum" remarked, "I like fish myself; how can I, too, get some?" The artful rabbit replied, "Nothing is easier—get into the bucket above and come down;" which the poor possum did, and was rapidly carried below, while the rabbit, seeing to his great delight his own bucket rising toward him, managed to place himself over it. He was soon carried up, and on reaching his place of safety looked over and gave some good advice, sarcastically administered, to his drowning friend below. He finished with one of his characteristic grimaces. Of course the crowd laughed,

and the Democrats vociferously applauded the man and his illustration.

But now came "Alf's" turn to speak. Rising very quietly, he made his first point on the incident just told, remarking, "Friends, my honorable competitor in that story says it is an illustration of the present condition of our two great parties; but I merely point out to you that that rabbit did not tell the truth. He rose to the surface manifestly by the use of falsehood and fraud!" The crowd saw the point, and responded with repeated cheers till "Bob" no doubt wished he had used some other illustration.

In the same dignified and sincere way "Alf" proceeded, with a logic that was keen and discriminating, to demolish the positions which his antagonist had taken. The contrast between the two men grew more and more marked as "Alf" continued, and when he finished the Republicans were jubilant over their champion. Each of them received, at the close of his address, the floral offerings of his admirers from the hand of a fair lady. That of "Bob" was a miniature fiddle (a reference to his favorite instrument), while the offering to "Alf" was an ebony gold-headed cane, around which were tastefully entwined red and white roses. It was presented by a Miss Hawkins, "on behalf of the Republican ladies of Carroll County, on which," said she, "they expect you, honored sir, to lean when you ascend the steps of the State-house next January as governor of the State of Tennessee."

I was amazed at the good humor manifested on all sides. Both crowd and candidates observed the proprieties of debate—the candidates especially so; but this was fully explained when I was informed that the two men are brothers, and notwithstanding their keen political antagonism, they are known to love each other "with pure hearts fervently." They are the sons of Rev. Dr. Taylor, a leading member of the Holston Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this State, and have been well reared by a father and mother whom they hold in high honor. They are immensely popular with their respective partisans, and hence the jolly and familiar style in which "our Bob" and "our Alf" are spoken of by them. I heard "Bob" say of his brother, "Wide asunder as we are in our politics, I love my brother and could die for him!" And "Alf" is known to reciprocate to the full this affection. Hence the care they take to avoid personalities, and always to refer to each other as "my honorable competitor." Of course the crowd were controlled by this beautiful exhibition of courtesy, and all closed in peace.

It was a wonderful scene; and especially to one who is a stranger from the North, as I was. The most personal remark made was by "Alf," when he said to the audience: "Friends, you have shouted and cheered as my honorable competitor hung one garland of accusation after another round the neck of our party, but you know well, friends, it was not the asserted facts which drew out those cheers, but the astonishing faces he made when he hung them there!" And they laughed and cheered in assent to the truth of this statement. It was so.

The real issues involved in this campaign are two—the protective tariff and the Blair bill, especially the latter. For reasons best known to themselves, the Bourbons of this State, led by Senator Isham G. Harris, have determined to set themselves against this bill; the Democracy of the State have followed their guidance; and the real fight is here. How easy it was for "Alf" to demolish "Bob's" position that the first duty of our Congress in regard to the disposition of the public lands was to pay the debts of the nation and leave the States themselves to take care of the education of their people, by showing, as he did, that Congress could do both with the means available, and have a surplus left in 1892; while Tennessee, with 294,385 persons, ten years old and upwards, who could not read, and 410,732 who could not write (besides all under ten years of age), was not able to overtake her illiteracy, or keep her existing schools open three months in the year.

And how he pleaded with the voters before him to put into power the party which stands pledged to accept the great boon which the Senate of the United States has already passed—but which the Democrats are opposing in the House—to donate that \$77,000,000 out of the nation's lands to the various States in proportion to the degree of their illiteracy, of Tennessee amount \$8,000,000 would come to Tennessee in eight years, and so enable the State to keep her schools open for nine months each year instead of three, and thus soon wipe away her deep reproach and help her to rise and stand by the side of the honored States whose people are so much better educated than hers can ever be if unaided. How he denounced the Bourbons for their attempt to perpetuate the deep ignorance of the people for their own purposes! Certainly he deserved the eulogium of the lady who presented the flowers at the previous meeting, who said: "Honored sir, in behalf of the mothers of Tennessee, I present you this floral tribute. We women are not allowed to vote, and we may not join in the enthusiastic cheers which your eloquence here has drawn forth; but, sir, we women can pray, and will pray, for

the noble man who so earnestly pleads for the home, and for social purity, and for the education of our little ones, that God may crown you with His rich blessings and grant you the success you so well deserve!"

The decision will be given on the 3d of next month; but we cannot doubt that, even if he fails of an election as governor of Tennessee, "Alf" will be greater in his defeat than his brother will be in his victory, and that another and a better hour will await the State of Tennessee.

There are some facts and reflections to which the preceding are an introduction, which I reserve for another letter.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 18.

## Our Exchanges.

BY SITO.

Well Put.—In the space between two opposing opinions there is not room enough for character to grow.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

A Neglected Field.—We need a mission work carried on by the churches on the level of the kitchen and the living-room. It is time the work were begun.—*Christian at Work.*

Let All Good Citizens Demand it.—It is evident that no legislation is more needed in this country than a general marriage law which shall be valid for the whole of the United States.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Plain Talkers Called For.—And what is true of platform speakers is true of preachers. Not rounded periods, nor roaring oratory, but earnest, plain talk is what commands attention, and carries conviction to the hearts of the average congregation.—*Baptist Weekly.*

A Great Truth.—A man never truly lives until he conquers self. We rise in the scale of being, in the divine favor, and in the consciousness of being victors in the good fight of faith, in proportion as we master self, and subdue the old sinful life.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

Good Chance to Strike.—Let the Knights of Labor and the other organizations inaugurate a determined strike against strong drink, and the greatest evil of the age and of the world may be overthrown.—*Temperance Advocate.*

Just 'So'—The pioneer preachers were confronted by such difficulties, hardships, and perils that we are inclined to crown them all as heroes; but the man who fancies that the propagation of the Gospel is really much easier now than then has a theory which threatens him with failure.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

A Genuine Cause for Alarm.—Nevertheless, the stubborn fact stands out too boldly to be denied—the Church of Christ is so deeply infected by the secularity of the times as to be made weak thereby. Hence, instead of being able to authoritatively oppose and successfully counteract, to effectually neutralize it, she is in danger of being shorn of her strength and robbed of her spiritual beauty by its subtle and continuous working.—*Christian Advocate.*

For Ministers Only.—When Gospel fires burn low in a preacher's soul, he will be apt to try to make a little blaze of his own in the way of a far-fetched interpretation, a wild speculation, or an irrelevant dispute. When the pentecostal flame is hot, sinners get the message of God and nothing else.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

For Laymen Only.—One very great difficulty of the pulpit is the low level of much of Christian life. If a man thinks small thoughts and indulges petty emotions six days in the week, he will not be easily lifted several miles on Sunday. The preacher must either go down there into the dirt or leave this class of hearers behind when he speaks the truth of the Gospel.—*Northeastern Christian Advocate.*

Pounding the Pounders.—A pound party affords opportunity for a pleasant social reunion, and also for the wasting of much valuable time. The pounders would take the worth of their pounds in money and lay it on the parsonage table, the pastor and his wife could make a more judicious and economic application of it.—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

Well-done Helps to Well-doing.—When a man knows that he has done well, the question of *OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS* can keep up to that standard in which I am about to do? Commendation never exalts a man of a right spirit. If a man has simple pleasure in being praised, it is a sign that he is not likely to win more praise—or to deserve it.—*S. S. Times.*

Our Own Tormentors.—Many of our trials in life come upon our own invitation. We plan for them, beseech them, weep for them—then raise an outcry over their appearance. We make the pain, then scold because it has visited us.—*United Presbyterian.*

It is a Crime.—One of the greatest crimes against the youth of our country is the refusal of the trades-unions to allow boys to learn trades. It is evident to every one that every boy, and girl too for that matter, should have some trade, or profession, by which they can earn an honest living.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

Precisely So.—The truth is, that much which goes by the name of doctrinal preaching is not preaching at all, but only disquisition or discussion. But to true doctrinal preaching all definition and distinction, analysis and illustration, evidence and defence, are properly introductory to the work of impression and persuasion.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

More Protection Called For.—It is not enough to protect the purchaser at the shop, the hotel-keeper or the house-keeper from imposition; but the man who buys his dinner of the hotel-keeper or the restaurant keeper should be equally protected. There should be conspicuous signs put up, "Oleomargarine used here," or something of that sort, so that there shall be no deception in the matter.—*Independent.*



BY REV. BOSTWICK HAWLEY, D. D.

Drayton, who had to leave in 1806, was the first class in the history of Georgia. W. Denmore and Lewis "Pasee," in 1808; Gershomon Pierce, Tobias Spicer, Elijah Hibbard, Sherman Miner, John Clark, Merrick, Bates, and Seymour Coleman. A more complete history of Methodism in these early years would include the labors of Henry Ryan, who was recognized by the Methodist preacher by the word in his pocket Bible; David Noble, who came from Ireland to New York in 1795, and leased a part of the Thurman patent, and erected thereon a log-house for his dwelling; log school-house and log church; Elijah Hibbard, master of the Lorenzo Dow, which has most recently eccentric co-laborer, Timothy Dewey. Billy Hibbard, whose church, in 1794, reached over a tract of five hundred miles, and included sixty-three appointments to be met once each in every four weeks; Friend Draper, and Andrew McKean, the father of Rev. Dr. S. McKean. Having met and been

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

MR. EDITOR: You kindly published a letter from Mrs. Withey, the suffering part of which has been quoted in a daily paper; and that item casts a shadow over the African mission. Will you please favor your readers with the

seeking to awaken in the child an interest in the preaching service. What the pastor can do for this class, he must do largely through the parents. He must feel the supreme importance, and must be determined to bring the children in. To accomplish this, he must constantly remind the parents of the awful sin

From the same House we have, Miss CHARITY'S HOUSE, by Howe Benning. \$1.25. Miss Charity's opportunities were limited, and her income small, but she felt that she had no right to live unto herself. The story lets us into

issued in six volumes, 12mo, half cloth, in Russia, at 60 cents a volume—a very neat and a very cheap edition. The first volume covers the story of Creation to the Patriarchs.

**A GIRL'S ROOM**, by Some Friends of the Girls. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

5. Then — R. V.,  
ye any meat (R. V.,  
to go with bread; th  
addressed, any fish.

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BY REV. E. DAVIES.

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BY REV. C. H. SMITH.

In the eastern part of Dakota, and toward the north of what is generally spoken of as South Dakota, in the county of Codington, is the beautiful city of Watertown. It appears as a city of good business blocks, fine residences, beautiful school-houses, substantial court-house, and numerous and comfortable churches. One mile distant is a small lake, and about four miles away is another sheet of water about three by seven miles in extent, called Lake Kampeska. Dr. Edwards, editor of the *Northeastern Christian Advocate*, has to-day visited it with his amateur photographic outfit, and Chicago may see some representations of our Dakota scenery.

It ought also to be said that there is, and has been for the current year, no especial revival, as the term is usually understood. Possibly fifteen to twenty persons have asked prayers, but there has been no time when especial and marked displays of spiritual power among them were noted. It approximates very nearly to the true type of aggressive Methodism—earnest, cheerful, hopeful, and full of confidence in the constant help of God. Its pastor, a

2. As to the enjoyment—God rewards those who suffer for Him; so he has rewarded Mr. Withey and family. Mr. Withey writes:—

“We wish our friends, who are losing sleep on our account and giving credence to such erroneous reports of

The preaching service should invariably be announced by the superintendent, and he should frequently inquire how many were present at the last service and who remember the text.

The pastor should know the children and should love them. He should frequently talk to them about the sermons they have heard.

of the relation of the estimation of his personal merit to a man's success in life. The book is one to be taken up in leisure moments. Every page presents some incidents one wishes to quote or to hold in his memory.

Baker & Taylor, New York, issue  
**THE NATIONAL ADVANCED SPEAKER.**  
Edited and Compiled by Oliver E.

A very amusing and attractive volume for a small child is, *ONE DAY IN A BABY'S LIFE* — a finely-published quarto, on thick paper, with colored illustrations, from the press of Roberts Brothers, Boston. \$1.50. It will be an irresistible gift for the smallest men and women of the fireside, during the holidays.

...sea" after a night  
when - R. V., "so  
unto him - R. V., "



The Sunday School.

FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON VII.

Sunday, November 14.

John 21: 1-19.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. R.

PETER RESTORED.

I. Preliminary.  
1. GOLDEN TEXT: "He said unto him, Feed my lambs" (John 21: 15).

2. PLACE: On the Sea of Galilee, probably near Capernaum.

II. Introductory.

Our lesson records the seventh manifestation of the Risen Lord—but only the third to the disciples collectively. Seven of them were out on the Galilean lake fishing, but their night venture had been unsuccessful. In the gray dusk of the morning, as they were about to give up their quest, a Stranger on the shore hailed them: "Have ye aught to eat, my boys?" They replied, "No." Then came a mysterious order to drop their net on the right side of their fishing smack—which they at once proceeded to do. But when they tried to draw the net in again, it was so full of fish that they could not handle it in their boat; they had to transfer the ends to the small boat, and thence to the land.

Amid the exclamations of joy and wonder at this unexpected haul, one heart saw through it and recognized the invisible Agent—the heart of the beloved disciple. "It is the Lord!" he whispered to Peter. His impetuous friend needed only a hint; the preceding miracle on the same spot flashed upon his memory and confirmed all; the next moment, girding his fisher's blouse tight around him, he was overboard, swimming for the shore, about three hundred feet away.

When the party landed, they saw a fire already built and fish broiling on it, and some bread at hand; but though they knew who the Stranger was, they did not accost him. They obeyed His order to "bring of the fish which they had caught." The Evangelist did not forget that there were one hundred and fifty-three of them, all of large size; and yet, notwithstanding this, not a mesh of the net had given way. Everything about this miracle was significant to the thoughtful John.

They breakfasted; and then the time came for the Master to deal with the disciple of whom so much had been expected, but who had thrice basely denied him. There is no direct upbraiding in the question, "Lovest thou Me?" but its three repetition, the omission of "Peter" from his name, the evident allusion to his boastful profession of superior devotion over all others, cut the warm-hearted disciple to the quick. "Thou knowest that I love Thee," he protested humbly but firmly. And after each question and each protest came a fresh commission, re-instating Peter in the pastoral office: "You are sure you love Me? Feed My lambs;" "tend My sheep;" "feed My beloved sheep."

And then, in the language of solemn prediction, He forewarned Peter by what manner of death he should glorify God: In the freedom of his youth he had been wont to gird himself and rove whither he would; but in old age he would stretch forth his feeble hands, and another would gird him and lead him whither he would not. An impressive "Follow Me!" closed the personal part of this interview with Peter.

III. Expository.

4. When was breaking? The disciples had returned to their homes and occupations, while waiting for further directions. Peter and six others had spent a night in unsuccessful fishing on the Lake of Tiberias. Day was breaking, and they were hauling in their empty nets. Jesus stood on the shore (R. V., "beach"). No hint of violence or how He came. The terms used indicate that He stood there without visible coming. But (R. V., "lowland") the disciples knew that it was Jesus—perhaps because it was not light enough to recognize Him; or, what was more likely, because He did not choose to be recognized until the right moment came.

The fishing scene is indeed a reproduction of Jesus of the miracle of the draught of fishes (Luke 5: 1-11) as a more advanced stage of history, and to teach kindred but more transcendent lessons. In the former miracle was symbolized the ministry of these fishers of men under the earthly guidance of a present Jesus. In this scene is represented the ministry of the apostles and all future pastors in the sea of time, under the eye of the Lord, who daily descends by faith on the high, eternal shore (Whedon).

5. Then—R. V., "therefore." Children, have ye any bread? (R. V., "ought to eat")?—any relic to give?—any bread? This, considering whom He addressed, was a high term. The term "children" is not to be confused with the "little children" of 1 John 2: 13 and similar expressions of endearment. It is simply the usual address of "Boys," or "My boys." They answered him, No.—As on a former occasion, they had toiled all night and taken nothing.

6. Cast the net on the right side of the ship (R. V., "beach").—Either their nets were being hauled, fruitlessly, on the port (left) side, or were taken in altogether preparatory to a return to the shore. They cast therefore.—There was some tone of assurance or persuasion in the Speaker's voice which made them ready to follow His direction. Not able to draw it.—There proved to be too large a fish in it (verse 11). So Jesus would catch these and every fisher of men that glorious morning will follow prompt and exact obedience to His directions.

His divine power could have given the same result to the left side; but He makes sure that the choice that they might see that the choice was produced by His will and power (Whedon).

7. That disciple... said... It is the Lord.—John felt at once that the Stranger was Jesus, and told his conviction to Peter. John's loving heart had been on the alert, and he would naturally associate the miracle before his eyes with what had occurred three years before (Luke 5: 1-11), when Peter had been bidden to "launch out into the sea" after a night of disappointment. Now when—R. V., "so when." Gird his fisher's coat about him—R. V., "gird his coat about him." He

would not appear in his Master's presence unclothed, or with nothing on but an undergarment, and he could not swim if his blouse was loose; so he girded it to the waist. Cast himself into the sea.—John is the first to see, or perceive; Peter the first to act. As the boat was within half of the shore, the distance would not be great. Evidently Peter thinks more of his Lord than of the fish, and is more anxious to get to Him than to avail himself of the great haul.

8. And—R. V., "but." The other disciples came in a little ship (R. V., "the little boat"). The large fishing boat had to be anchored off shore. They could readily transfer the ends of the net and themselves to the dory, or small boat, and then pull slowly in, dragging the net after them. Two hundred cubits—three hundred feet. The net with fishes—R. V., "the net full of fishes."

9. As soon then as they were come to land—R. V., "so when they got out upon the land." They saw (R. V., "saw") a fire of coals, and fish... and bread.—And this loving, thoughtful provision on the part of the Master, assuming the servant's role for the sake of His hungry, tired disciples, is almost forgotten by many commentators in their anxiety to determine whether this meal was miraculous or not!

So He who upon the high ground of heaven watches His ministry and church, will in due season have full power to provide an eternal banquet, and bring His elect to its participation (Whedon).

10. Bring of the fish which ye have now caught (R. V., "so when ye have a real one, now caught, not a vision, as some suppose; and Jesus will have His disciples have their share in preparing it for Him").

11. Simon Peter (R. V., inserts "therefore") went up.—Peter is the leader, as usual. He "went up" on the boat. Full of great fishes... yet was not the net broken (R. V., "the net was not rent").—The Evangelist was impressed by the fact: The fishes were large and very many, and yet the net held and landed them all, losing not one—was not the case on the former occasion when "the net broke" with the multitude of the fishes. The symbolism evidently does not point to any definite number of "the elect," but rather to the final landing of all the truly redeemed on the eternal shore. In the former miracle the fish were "both bad and good," hinting at schisms and disruptions; in this case they were all large and good.

Perhaps the most difficult point to interpret is the number of the fishes. It will be hard for students of this Gospel not to believe that it has a deeper meaning than that of simple numbers. The whole course of the narrative shows that the 153 represents the fullness of the church, the complete gathering in of all her members, the net not rent, nor one believer lost. It is much more difficult to say whence the number 153 is obtained. Many suggestions have been made, but we shall not discuss them. Not one of them can be said to have as yet gained anything like general acceptance. Until a more satisfactory result is reached, it is better to rest satisfied with the general meaning of which we have spoken, and so to which no doubt can be entertained (Revision Commentary).

12. Come and dine.—R. V., "come and break your bread."—dine (R. V., "break your bread").—The question, "Who then?" checked in their curiosity about the act of mystery and power and elevation which their Master carried with Him; but they had no doubt who He was.

13. Jesus then (R. V., omits "then") saith.—He is still among them "as one that serveth." So will He welcome His faithful ones to the marriage supper of the Lamb. "Takesh thou bread (R. V., "bread")."—Apparently He does not partake with them, and no mention is made of the "grace before meat." There is no need of this eating now in order to convince them of His bodily reality.

He gives the meal to show that He is the Divine Restorer, that He has the lamb and bread reserved in all their future wants and deprivations, both of body and of soul, these disciples might call to mind this meal, and feel assured that on the shores of the promised land they had a sure and ever faithful Provider (Whedon).

14. Now the third time—really the seventh, but the "third" of His post-resurrection appearances to the disciples as a body. That Jesus showed himself—R. V., "that Jesus was manifested."—Just as when "manifested in the flesh" He was different from what He had been before, and revealed the glory of the garb of flesh and suffering humanity, so in His manifestation of Himself at this time, He was different from what He had been when clothed with the lowliness which He had assumed for a season. That lowliness has been laid aside. He is still the Man Christ Jesus, not glorified (Revision Commentary).

15. When they had dined—R. V., "when they had broken their fast." Simon, son of Jonas (R. V., here and in following verses, "son of John"), loveth thee more than these?—that is, "more than these, thy fellow-disciples, love Me?" He had professed to surpass them in devotion to the Master: "Though all should be offended in Thee, yet will I not!" And for his foolish boasting, he had thrice denied His Lord. Now Jesus knew that I love thee—a different tone and manner from that of a few weeks ago. Peter is humble now; he is not so ready with his tongue; he simply appeals to his Lord's unerring discernment in proof of the sincerity of his feeling.

Feed My lambs—re-commissioning Peter, after his last lapse, but changing the figure from that of fisher to that of shepherd. "How Peter understood the Lord's trust, he shows himself, in 1 Peter 5: 2, 3" (Schaff).

The word for "love" here, and in the question in ver. 16, is *agapan*. Peter in all three answers uses *agapan*, and our Lord uses *phileo* in the first question (ver. 15). The change is not accidental; and once more we have evidence of the accuracy of the writer; he preserves distinctions which were actually made. Peter's preference for *phileo* is doubly intelligible: 1. It is the less exalted word; it is sure of the natural affection which it expresses; he will say nothing about the higher love implied in *agapan*; 2. It is the warmer word; there is a calm discrimination implied in *agapan* which to him seems cold. In the third he uses *phileo* very freely with his own standard. He adopts Peter's own word, and thus presses the question more home (Cambridge Bible).

16. Saith.—second time. This thrice-repeated question is generally understood to have been occasioned by the threefold denial. Simon, son of Jonas (R. V., "John")—It has been noted that Jesus does not apply to him the apostolic name of "Peter," or "Cephas," but simply his natural or parental name. So in Luke 22: 31, he is addressed significantly as "Simon, Simon," when reminded of his natural weakness. Feed (R. V., "tend") my sheep—be a shepherd over my sheep; lead, guard, care for them.

17. Lovest thou Me?—On this third occasion Jesus uses, in the original, the same word as Peter had used: "Dost thou dearly love Me, as thou hast said, with a strong personal affection?" Peter was grieved—naturally at this repetition, and especially at the doubt which seemed to inspire the question of personal attachment. Jesus is tender but very firm with Peter; the more the latter wins under this faithful treatment, the less likely will he be to forget it. Perhaps the deepest impression ever made upon this impulsive disciple was made in these few painful moments. Thou knowest all things.—Thy knowledge is more than human—supernatural, all-embracing. Thou knowest that I love thee.—Thou readest in my heart my love for thee; why should I protest further? Feed my sheep.—There is a seeming climax in these commissions: 1. Peter was enjoined to "feed the lambs;" 2. To be a shepherd over the full-grown sheep; 3. Not merely to

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES. Nov. 2, 1886.

APPLES—\$2.00 to \$2.50 bbl. Nov. 2, 1886.  
BANANAS—\$1.00 to \$1.50 bunch.  
BARLEY—80 to 85 c. bush.  
BEANS—Medium, \$1.00 to \$1.25; Peas, \$1.50 to \$1.75; Yellow Eye, 1.50 to 1.60 bush.  
BEEF—Moss, \$5.00 to \$5.50; Extra Moss, 5.50 to 6.00; Extra Fat, 5.50 to 6.00 lb. lb.  
BUTTER—40 c. lb.  
CARROTS—\$2.00 to \$2.50 bbl.  
CAFE CHANDLERIES—\$6.00 to \$6.50 bbl.  
CARROTS—50 c. bush.  
CALIFLOWERS—\$1.25 to \$1.50 doz.  
CELERY—\$2.00 to \$2.50 box.  
CHEESE—12 to 13 c. lb.  
COCONUTS—\$3.00 to \$3.50 100.  
COFFEE—Java, 11 to 12; Maracabo, 10 to 11; Mocha, 15 to 16; Rio, 12 to 13 lb. lb.  
CORN—40 to 45 c. bush.  
CORNMEAL—\$2.20 to \$2.50 bbl.  
DATES—5 to 7 c. lb.  
DRIED APPLES—2 to 3 c. lb.  
EGGS—21 to 25 c. doz.  
FIGS—10 to 12 c. lb.  
FLOUR—Superior, \$2.00 to \$2.50; choice ex, 2.50 to 3.00; St. Louis, 2.50 to 4.00; Michigan, 4.00 to 4.10 lb. lb.  
GRAPES—3 to 5 c. lb.  
HAMS—11 to 12 c. lb.  
HAY—\$14.00 to \$15.00 ton.  
HUBBARD SQUASH—\$2.00 to \$3.00 ton.  
LAMB—7 to 8 c. lb.  
LEMONS—\$1.50 to \$2.00 box.  
MOLASSES—Barbados, 28 to 32; New Orleans, 15 to 20; Porto Rico, 15 to 20 c. gal.  
ONIONS—\$1.75 to \$2.00 bbl.  
OATS—35 to 40 c. bush.  
ORANGES—\$2.00 to \$2.50 bbl.  
PEACHES—\$2.00 to \$2.50 box.  
GREEN PEAS—\$1.20 to \$1.50 bush.  
PORK—\$11.00 to \$12.00 lb. lb.  
POTATOES—\$1.00 to \$1.20 lb. lb.  
POULTRY—Chickens, 15 to 20; Fowls, 11 to 12; Geese and Ducks, 15 to 17 c.; choice fresh—18 to 20 c. lb.  
QUINCE—Choice medium, \$5.00 box.  
RAISINS—Loose Muscatels, \$2.10 to 2.15; London Layers, 2.00 to 2.50 box.  
RICE—5 to 6 c. lb.  
RYE—60 to 65 c. bush.  
SWEET POTATOES—\$1.00 to \$1.25 bbl.  
STRAW—Oat, \$9.00 to \$10.00; Rye, 17.00 c. ton.  
SCARF—Crushed, 5 to 8; powdered, 6 to 8 c.; granulated, 8 c. lb.  
SWEET POTATOES—\$1.25 to \$2.00 bbl.  
TOMATOES—Green, 15 to 20; Japan, 20 to 30; Oolong, 15 to 20 c. lb.  
TURNIPS—\$1.00 to \$1.50 bush.  
TURNIPS—Salandre, 85 c. bbl.

18. Verily, verily—the usual phrase for a solemn or weighty utterance. Thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst, etc.—The comparison is between the freedom of action in youth—when the youthful Peter could gird his clothes about him and start on any errand or journey at his pleasure—and the dependence and feebleness of old age when he would no longer enjoy freedom of movement, but be girded by another hand and led to a reluctant fate. The legend runs, that Peter fled from his prison at Rome to escape impending death, but meeting Jesus on the way, who told him that He was going to the city to be again crucified, returned and submitted to the death of the cross, having crucified, according to origin, with his head downwards. Stretch forth thy hands—in the manner of aged people; "but the image suggested in the background the spreading of the arms of the apostolic martyr upon the cross" (Whedon).

The Lord employs the homeliest figure for the most mysterious discourse. Yet allegorized trains mingle in the figure itself. That the young man girds himself is agreeable to nature; it is likewise in accordance with nature that a perfectly directed old man stretches out his hands for help, and lets himself be girded and led by another. But the trait: Thou didst walk, as a young man, whither thou wouldest; as an old man, thou shalt be led whither thou wouldest not, point to the prophetic meaning (Lange).

19. This spake he—R. V., "now this he spake." Signifying by what death (R. V., "by what manner of death") he should glorify God.—Peter is supposed to have been crucified in A. D. 67 or 68, many years, therefore, before this Gospel was written. Later on, death by martyrdom spoken of as "glorifying God." Follow me—compact, significant words—"the sum and substance, the beginning and end of Christian life" (Schaff).

IV. Inferential.

1. Temporal emergencies may be made the occasion for spiritual manifestation.

2. Physical needs are not beneath the care of the great Provider. He is sensible of the hunger and weariness of His followers.

3. An obedient spirit is shown by attention to minute, precise directions. Success follows obedience.

4. Individuality is revealed in our actions.

5. The net of the Gospel holds all who are willing to be landed on the heavenly shore.

6. We should not forget a true spiritual deliverance in dealing with our Lord. Our familiarity in this, as in other cases, "breeds contempt."

7. Our Lord would have us love Him, not in word only, but in deed and in truth.

8. He has important commissions for those who love Him—and for none other.

9. Past denials and shortcomings can be forgiven if love survives. Jesus has "somewhat against" those who have left their first love.

V. Illustrative.

1. LOVE TO CHRIST.

Love to Christ smooths the path of duty, and wings the feet to travel. It is the bow which impels the arrow of obedience; it is the mainspring moving the wheels of duty; it is the strong arm tugging the oar of diligence. Love is the marrow of the bones of fidelity, the blood in the veins of piety, the sinew of spiritual strength; yea, the life of sincere devotion. He that hath love can no more be motionless than the aspen in the gale, the sear leaf in the hurricane, or the spray in the tempest. As well may hearts cease to beat, as love to labor. Love is instinct with activity, it cannot be idle; it is full of energy, it cannot content itself with little; it is the well-spring of heroism, and great deeds are the gushings of its fountain; it is a giant—it heapech mountains upon mountains, and thinks the pile but little; it is a mighty mystery, for it changes bitter into sweet; it calms death life, and life death; and it makes pain less painful than enjoyment (Spurgeon).

2. LOVE OF CHRIST.

The mother, warm and pale with incessant vigils by the bedside of a sick child; the fireman, maimed for life in bravely rescuing the inmates of a blazing house; the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylae; Howard, dying of fever caught in dungeons where he was fulfilling his noble purpose of succoring the oppressed, and remembering the forgotten; the Moravian missionaries, who voluntarily incarcerated themselves in an African leper-house (from which regress into the healthy world was impossible, and escape only to be effected through the gates of death) in order that they might preach the glad tidings to the lepers—all these, and many other glorious instances of self-devotion, do but faintly shadow forth the love of Him who laid aside divine glory, and humbled Himself to the death of the cross (Foster's Cyclopaedia).

3. CLEAVING TO CHRIST.

When a shipwrecked sailor, left to the mercy of the waves, has no help within reach or view but a spar or mast, how will he cling to it! How firmly he will grasp it! He will hold it as life itself. If a passing billow sweep him from it, with all his might he will make for it again, and grasp it faster than ever. To part is to perish; and so he clings—and how anxiously! So the awakened sinner feels. The ocean of wrath surrounds him; its billows and its surges go over him. Hell yawns beneath to engulf him. The vessel is in utter wreck. All its floating timbers are very rottenness. Oh! how he strains his eye, searching for a mast, a plank, a spar! His eye rests on the only hope, the only rock in the wide ocean of wrath—the Rock of Ages, the Lord Jesus. He makes for the Saviour; he clasps Him; he cleaves to Him. Every tremor of sin and of unworthiness that strives to loosen his hold, only makes him grasp with more terrible and deathlike tenacity; for he knows that to part company is to perish. "I will not let Thee go" (Nichol).

Commercial.

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EGGS—21 to 25 c. doz.  
FIGS—10 to 12 c. lb.  
FLOUR—Superior, \$2.00 to \$2.50; choice ex, 2.50 to 3.00; St. Louis, 2.50 to 4.00; Michigan, 4.00 to 4.10 lb. lb.  
GRAPES—3 to 5 c. lb.  
HAMS—11 to 12 c. lb.  
HAY—\$14.00 to \$15.00 ton.  
HUBBARD SQUASH—\$2.00 to \$3.00 ton.  
LAMB—7 to 8 c. lb.  
LEMONS—\$1.50 to \$2.00 box.  
MOLASSES—Barbados, 28 to 32; New Orleans, 15 to 20; Porto Rico, 15 to 20 c. gal.  
ONIONS—\$1.75 to \$2.00 bbl.  
OATS—35 to 40 c. bush.  
ORANGES—\$2.00 to \$2.50 bbl.  
PEACHES—\$2.00 to \$2.50 box.  
GREEN PEAS—\$1.20 to \$1.50 bush.  
PORK—\$11.00 to \$12.00 lb. lb.  
POTATOES—\$1.00 to \$1.20 lb. lb.  
POULTRY—Chickens, 15 to 20; Fowls, 11 to 12; Geese and Ducks, 15 to 17 c.; choice fresh—18 to 20 c. lb.  
QUINCE—Choice medium, \$5.00 box.  
RAISINS—Loose Muscatels, \$2.10 to 2.15; London Layers, 2.00 to 2.50 box.  
RICE—5 to 6 c. lb.  
RYE—60 to 65 c. bush.  
SWEET POTATOES—\$1.00 to \$1.25 bbl.  
STRAW—Oat, \$9.00 to \$10.00; Rye, 17.00 c. ton.  
SCARF—Crushed, 5 to 8; powdered, 6 to 8 c.; granulated, 8 c. lb.  
SWEET POTATOES—\$1.25 to \$2.00 bbl.  
TOMATOES—Green, 15 to 20; Japan, 20 to 30; Oolong, 15 to 20 c. lb.  
TURNIPS—\$1.00 to \$1.50 bush.  
TURNIPS—Salandre, 85 c. bbl.

18. Verily, verily—the usual phrase for a solemn or weighty utterance. Thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst, etc.—The comparison is between the freedom of action in youth—when the youthful Peter could gird his clothes about him and start on any errand or journey at his pleasure—and the dependence and feebleness of old age when he would no longer enjoy freedom of movement, but be girded by another hand and led to a reluctant fate. The legend runs, that Peter fled from his prison at Rome to escape impending death, but meeting Jesus on the way, who told him that He was going to the city to be again crucified, returned and submitted to the death of the cross, having crucified, according to origin, with his head downwards. Stretch forth thy hands—in the manner of aged people; "but the image suggested in the background the spreading of the arms of the apostolic martyr upon the cross" (Whedon).

The Lord employs the homeliest figure for the most mysterious discourse. Yet allegorized trains mingle in the figure itself. That the young man girds himself is agreeable to nature; it is likewise in accordance with nature that a perfectly directed old man stretches out his hands for help, and lets himself be girded and led by another. But the trait: Thou didst walk, as a young man, whither thou wouldest; as an old man, thou shalt be led whither thou wouldest not, point to the prophetic meaning (Lange).

19. This spake he—R. V., "now this he spake." Signifying by what death (R. V., "by what manner of death") he should glorify God.—Peter is supposed to have been crucified in A. D. 67 or 68, many years, therefore, before this Gospel was written. Later on, death by martyrdom spoken of as "glorifying God." Follow me—compact, significant words—"the sum and substance, the beginning and end of Christian life" (Schaff).

IV. Inferential.

1. Temporal emergencies may be made the occasion for spiritual manifestation.

2. Physical needs are not beneath the care of the great Provider. He is sensible of the hunger and weariness of His followers.

3. An obedient spirit is shown by attention to minute, precise directions. Success follows obedience.

4. Individuality is revealed in our actions.

5. The net of the Gospel holds all who are willing to be landed on the heavenly shore.

6. We should not forget a true spiritual deliverance in dealing with our Lord. Our familiarity in this, as in other cases, "breeds contempt."

7. Our Lord would have us love Him, not in word only, but in deed and in truth.

8. He has important commissions for those who love Him—and for none other.

9. Past denials and shortcomings can be forgiven if love survives. Jesus has "somewhat against" those who have left their first love.

V. Illustrative.

1. LOVE TO CHRIST.

Love to Christ smooths the path of duty, and wings the feet to travel. It is the bow which impels the arrow of obedience; it is the mainspring moving the wheels of duty; it is the strong arm tugging the oar of diligence. Love is the marrow of the bones of fidelity, the blood in the veins of piety, the sinew of spiritual strength; yea, the life of sincere devotion. He that hath love can no more be motionless than the aspen in the gale, the sear leaf in the hurricane, or the spray in the tempest. As well may hearts cease to beat, as love to labor. Love is instinct with activity, it cannot be idle; it is full of energy, it cannot content itself with little; it is the well-spring of heroism, and great deeds are the gushings of its fountain; it is a giant—it heapech mountains upon mountains, and thinks the pile but little; it is a mighty mystery, for it changes bitter into sweet; it calms death life, and life death; and it makes pain less painful than enjoyment (Spurgeon).

2. LOVE OF CHRIST.

The mother, warm and pale with incessant vigils by the bedside of a sick child; the fireman, maimed for life in bravely rescuing the inmates of a blazing house; the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylae; Howard, dying of fever caught in dungeons where he was fulfilling his noble purpose of succoring the oppressed, and remembering the forgotten; the Moravian missionaries, who voluntarily incarcerated themselves in an African leper-house (from which regress into the healthy world was impossible, and escape only to be effected through the gates of death) in order that they might preach the glad tidings to the lepers—all these, and many other glorious instances of self-devotion, do but faintly shadow forth the love of Him who laid aside divine glory, and humbled Himself to the death of the cross (Foster's Cyclopaedia).

3. CLEAVING TO CHRIST.

When a shipwrecked sailor, left to the mercy of the waves, has no help within reach or view but a spar or mast, how will he cling to it! How firmly he will grasp it! He will hold it as life itself. If a passing billow sweep him from it, with all his might he will make for it again, and grasp it faster than ever. To part is to perish; and so he clings—and how anxiously! So the awakened sinner feels. The ocean of wrath surrounds him; its billows and its surges go over him. Hell yawns beneath to engulf him. The vessel is in utter wreck. All its floating timbers are very rottenness. Oh! how he strains his eye, searching for a mast, a plank, a spar! His eye rests on the only hope, the only rock in the wide ocean of wrath—the Rock of Ages, the Lord Jesus. He makes for the Saviour; he clasps Him; he cleaves to Him. Every tremor of sin and of unworthiness that strives to loosen his hold, only makes him grasp with more terrible and deathlike tenacity; for he knows that to part company is to perish. "I will not let Thee go" (Nichol).

DYSPEPSIA

causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases. "I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years, I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." Mrs. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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and as full  
of the spring  
less than a dollar  
and 26.

from Bird City  
Last night  
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every article  
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poets, and will form a rare collection when  
completed.

The November Magazine of *American His-  
tory* has for its frontispiece the notable por-  
trait (almost unknown in this country) of  
Governor Thomas Pownall, from the celebra-

tion of the Sunday-school, although the ser-  
vice in which they were to participate was  
in the evening, were seated in the front pews—  
a very animating sight to the speaker. An  
annual number of venerable members are  
noticeable in the congregation; among others,  
Father Jocelyn, formerly familiarly known  
as now advanced into the eighth decem-  
cade, Mother Ritchie, of denest St. memory,  
and as with great animation that she was just  
twenty years old; and she looks as if she were  
good for another century. Father Grieves'  
memory goes back almost to the time when  
our venerable Bro. Marsh worked in the glass-  
house, as he himself does to-day. Our mem-  
bers of this church comprise more than a  
century of human generation. Only a few of the old  
members who worshipped in the former church  
of the Sab-  
bath-school at that time was Deacon Warner,  
now an officer of the Congregational Church  
in Newton—a significant illustration of the  
blessing which Methodism in New England  
has been to our sister churches, both  
to their pulpits and pews. The present beau-  
tiful church edifice is clear of debt. It has  
also a valuable property adjoining, con-  
sisting of the parsonage, upon which a small  
revenue is met by the income. When this is  
added, this vigorous church, with its fine  
company of young people, should look out  
upon the great world wastes around them and  
start a new Christian Methodist movement.  
Pastor Gould is happily meeting the wants of  
the society at this era, and has already the  
promise of a good spiritual work.

It was in Roslindale this time, the beautiful  
Bacon salaried; and the bride, Miss Marion J.  
Severns, has been for the past three years  
connected with our assistant-editorial office.  
She was married, on the evening of the 27th  
inst., to Mr. William H. Glover, the ceremony  
being performed by Chaplain W. O. Holway,  
U. S. N., in the presence of a large circle of  
friends and well-wishers. Numerous and  
valuable presents, with an abundance of choice  
flowers, helped to make the occasion one of  
pleasure and joy to all concerned. We proffer  
pleasant congratulations to the youthful and  
happily-mated couple.

#### Periodicals and Pamphlets.

The *Educator* is a very handsome, well-edited  
and well-filled monthly, published by the  
Industrial Department of the Centenary Bap-  
tist Institute, of Baltimore, Md. No. 1 for  
October has a fine portrait of President  
Lincoln.

The Book Room, New York, has issued the  
Minutes of the Spring Conferences—an inval-  
uable document for reference, and impressively  
suggestive of the responsibility of a church  
so large and so widely extended. Magee has  
it for sale. \$1.

John J. Hood & Co., music publishers of  
Philadelphia, are early in the field with a  
Christmas Service, entitled "Our Guiding  
Star," arranged by Mrs. T. B. Burroughs, and  
with a collection of fresh carols by J. R.  
Sweeney and W. J. Kirkpatrick.

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ted Lord Orford painting, in England. It is  
accompanied by an admirable study of the  
character, statesmanship, and works of the re-  
markable Pownall as the leading article of the  
number, by Robert Ludlow Fowler. Two of  
Pownall's pencil drawings of American scenery  
produced among the illustrations; also his  
home while governor of Massachusetts, and  
an original letter of his (never before pub-  
lished) disclosing the fact of his refusal of the  
governorship of New York. The second arti-  
cle of the number, "The Hermitage," a North  
Carolina home of great age, belongs to the se-  
ries of "Historic Homes." Then we have a  
succession of interesting papers—"The First  
Anarchist," by Arthur Dudley Vinton; "Brad-  
dock's Defeat," by T. J. Chapman, A. M.;  
"Virginia's Conquest of the Northwestern  
Territory," by J. C. Wells; "The Split at  
Charleston in 1860," by A. W. Clason; "From  
Cedar Mountain to Chantilly," "General  
Pope Again," a sharp criticism on Pope's ar-  
ticle in the *Century*, by Colonel Allen, Stone-  
wall Jackson's chief of ordnance in the cam-  
paign under review. Price, \$5 a year in ad-  
vance. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New  
York city.

Solomon hardly anticipated the era of labor-  
saving inventions, or he might have added to  
the "making of books," of the devising of ma-  
chines there is no end. A professional man  
will be likely to turn his inventive faculty to  
the aid of scholars, unless he has a somewhat  
secular genius, like the late eminent Dr. Fur-  
point, who was amazingly apt with his turn-  
ing machine and was the inventor of a razor  
strap and several useful articles. Prof. James  
F. Morton, of Newton Centre, has secured a  
patent for a light, very neat and serviceable  
book support to rest upon the table, which can  
also be used to hold a manuscript while copy-  
ing. He has also taken out a patent for a  
music-book support, which will be appreciated  
by music teachers, pianists, and organists.  
The former is sold for \$1.50; the latter for 50  
cents. They can be seen at the Methodist De-  
pository. The agent, Mr. W. W. Colson, has  
Room 39, Wesleyan Building, where he will  
be glad to show the value of these neat inven-  
tions to students and writers, and to employ  
agents for their sale.

The *Forum* for November is, in some re-  
spects, a notable number. It contains the  
widely-heralded and characteristic blast of  
Dr. Leonard W. Bacon against prohibition.  
The great service it will render is the fresh  
fuel it will supply to the reform engine. Dr.  
Bacon stands with his broom up quite stiffly,  
indeed, against the Atlantic Ocean. He can-  
not stop the tide, however. It will wash him  
and his broom away. His paper is arrogant,  
dogmatic, marked by extravagant and un-  
founded statements, based upon no adequate  
generalization from facts, and opposed to the  
clearest intelligence of the hour. Prohibition  
does prohibit in spite of Dr. Bacon, and it is  
the only hope of ultimate success in the great  
reform. Among other contributions to this  
issue is a thoughtful paper by David Dudley  
Field on "Our Political Methods." Woods  
Parrish writes upon "Recent Naval Progress."  
Richard P. Bland urges his scheme for "The  
Restoration of Slavery." President Dwight  
tells in an interesting way "How I [he] was  
Educated." Z. R. Brockway, the best ex-  
perienced man and most intelligent observer on  
the subject in the country, writes upon "The  
State and the Criminal." Prof. Thurston  
pours "Oil on the Waters" to assuage their  
violence. We have this time the sad "Con-  
fessions of a Skeptic." Prof. Hodge has a  
good paper upon "The Hundred Authors." H.  
D. Parry considers the English and Ameri-  
can "Fine Services," and Carroll D.  
Wright "Industrial Necessities." 97 Fifth  
Avenue, New York.

**Each stationed Methodist minister is an authorized agent for ZION'S HERALD. We hope no one will fail to inform his people that the paper will be sent free the remainder of the year to all new subscribers for 1887. Specimen copies free.**

**New England Methodist Historical Society.**

The first regular monthly gathering of this  
Society after the summer vacation was held  
on Monday, Oct. 18, Dr. L. R. Thayer pre-  
siding.  
Brethren Andrew Sampson, of Milton, Wil-  
liam Briggs, of Charlestown, and Rev. William  
Todd, of Snowhill, Md., were elected to mem-  
bership, after which the members listened  
with great satisfaction to the librarian's  
report of the donations coming to his custody  
in the interim of the last meeting, which were  
from the following sources: Mrs. Obed  
Nickerson, of South Weymouth, Hon. Charles  
L. Deane, of Woodstock (Ohio), the Califor-  
nia University, President Beach of the Wes-  
leyan University, Judge Pitman, of Newton,  
Revs. T. L. Flood, of Meadville (Pa.), E. A.  
Hoyt of Cairo (Ill.), J. C. W. Cox, of Wash-  
ington (Iowa), D. Dorchester, of Chelsea, and  
William J. Pease, esp. of Brooklyn, N. Y.  
The thanks of the Society were tendered these  
donors for their generous and kindly gifts, as  
well as for the public-spiritedness manifest in  
their bestowal.  
The historiographer presented very detailed  
and deeply interesting memorial papers relat-  
ing to the life and labors of the late Hon.  
Benjamin Pitman, of New Bedford, and Rev.  
D. K. Barker, of Lowell.  
The subject of securing more of publicity  
for the monthly meetings of the Society was  
the topic of considerable conversation, the  
present hour and restricted quarters often in-  
terfering with the attendance of many to  
whom the privation is an affliction, and the  
more so because unavoidable.  
Rev. W. McDonald conferred a great favor  
upon those present by reading an admirable  
paper upon the visit to this country in 1804  
of the first Methodist bishop, Rev. Thomas  
Coke, D. D., whose ardent attachment to the  
Methodists on that as on all his visits to the  
new continent led him to ignore the proffers  
of courtesy and flattering attentions from the  
Episcopalians, and to take every opportunity  
to demonstrate his hearty affiliation with the  
struggling Methodist societies. Bro. McD.  
very happily traced the parallel between this  
first bishop of our church and the last one,  
whose enthusiastic devotion to the "dark  
continent" fully supplements the former. Sev-  
eral autograph letters from Dr. Coke were  
read to the company by the librarian, whose  
painstaking in this line has secured many in-  
valuable mementos of this character for the  
Society's archives. A hearty vote of thanks  
was tendered Bro. McDonald for his patient  
researches in preparing the paper.

E. A. MANNING, Rec. Sec.

#### Our School.

MR. EDITOR: After all my appeals, I have  
received the sum of \$6. The trustees, of their  
own free will and accord, changed the name  
from "Forest Home" to "Mallieus Semina-  
ry." Who will help us buy our windows be-  
fore cold weather? We must have help from

the North, or give up our footing here. Our  
people are poor. Can't some of the good peo-  
ple band together and agree to send us three  
hundred dollars, so I can throw open the doors  
and give one year's free tuition? Then we  
would have a footing.

Come, dear friends, send us help—any  
amount from a postage stamp up. Will not  
the pastor do us the favor to solicit a member  
of his charge to take hold of this work? Think  
of some one who would gladly do some can-  
vassing. Ask them to devote a little time to  
this blessed work.

S. TINKER.

Kinsey, Ala.

#### The Churches.

##### MASSACHUSETTS.

**NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.**  
**Boston Preachers' Meeting.**—Rev. L.  
B. Bates, D. D., presided. Miss Yates,  
a missionary of the W. F. M. S., spoke  
for a few minutes on the training-school  
work in North China. Rev. Dr. Thayer  
read a fine paper on the new departure  
of the Andover theology, which was  
characterized by comprehensiveness  
and great clearness, and was requested  
for publication in ZION'S HERALD.  
There will be a class-meeting next Mon-  
day, and a brief address by a mission-  
ary among the Indians from the far  
northwestern Territories.

**Tremont St. Church.**—The pastor  
and people are rejoicing in a blessed re-  
vival interest, which is crowding the  
audience-room, and many are seeking  
religion. The pastor is preaching each  
evening. The Sunday-school has  
grown greatly, and everything about the  
church shows pleasing growth and  
prosperity.

**Bromfield St.**—The pastor is still as-  
sisted by Bro. Thos. Harrison. Over  
two hundred persons have presented  
themselves for prayers at the altar.  
The interest is still increasing.

**East Cambridge, Trinity.**—Harvest  
Sunday called out large congregations.  
Dr. Peirce, of ZION'S HERALD, preached  
an excellent sermon in the morning on  
"Sowing Beside all Waters." The  
evening concert was very excellent, and  
a good collection was taken for the  
S. S. Union cause. The pastor's Bible  
class is growing rapidly, and is now  
held in the main audience-room.

**Winthrop St.**—Mrs. Van Cott's ser-  
vices have drawn large congregations,  
and the tide of religious fervor is rising.  
The altar is nightly crowded with seek-  
ers, the church has been greatly quick-  
ened, and about one hundred persons  
have been seeking religion.

**West Medford.**—Rev. F. Upham is  
rejoicing in a blessed revival. Dr.  
Chadbourne, presiding elder, was pre-  
sent, Sunday, Oct. 25, and was delighted  
with the evident signs of prosperity.  
He baptized seven, and received two by  
letter. Meetings are continued each  
evening, and souls are seeking God.

**Brookfield.**—The church observed  
"Good Tidings Day" with a harvest  
concert in the evening. There was a  
fine display of autumn leaves, flowers  
and fruits. The programme prepared  
by the Methodist Episcopal Church was  
carried out with good effect. The  
pieces spoken by the children were in  
keeping with the season, and the an-  
them by the choir and the singing  
throughout the evening were hearty and  
inspiring. When singing "Bringing in  
the Sheaves," little boys and girls  
marched down the aisles of the church,  
bearing sheaves of wheat, which they  
deposited on the altar. The Ladies' So-  
ciety called the board of trustees to-  
gether, a few evenings since, when the  
president, Mrs. Warren Hamilton, after  
a very neat address to the trustees for  
the manner in which they had fitted  
up the church, and for their great lib-  
erality in connection with the same, on  
behalf of the Ladies' Society, presented  
them with the tax bill upon the church  
property received, and a purse of mon-  
ey, amounting in all to over \$70. The  
Ladies' Society have earned over \$350  
during the past year, and have just com-  
pleted their organization, with the de-  
termination to do greater things for the  
year to come.

**Somerville, Flint St.**—The congrega-  
tion at Flint St. gave their pastor, Rev.  
E. A. Titus, and wife a pleasant sur-  
prise Oct. 25. A company too large for  
the parsonage repaired to the church,  
and with pleasant addresses by Mr. G.  
F. Goldthwait and Mrs. James V. Steele,  
the pastor was presented with a beauti-  
ful easy-chair, and his wife an elegant  
silver ice-water service. Music, recita-  
tions, a bountiful fruit-collation, and  
abundant good cheer filled out two  
pleasant hours. The pastor is also  
made happy by increased congrega-  
tions, intensified religious interest, and  
manifest tokens of prosperity in every  
department of church work.

G.

##### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mrs. Caroline M. Bailey, wife of Rev.  
N. M. Bailey, of Webster, died on Sun-  
day, Oct. 10, aged 58, of chronic asth-  
ma. Mrs. Bailey had been an invalid  
for many years, and on Friday a physi-  
cian was more comfortable, and remained so  
until Sunday afternoon, when she was  
suddenly taken worse and died before a  
physician could reach her. She was a  
most estimable woman. The funeral  
occurred at Berwick, Me., her former  
home.

The earnest pastor at West Thornton  
is rejoicing that his field is yielding a  
rich harvest. Sunday, Oct. 10, ten per-  
sons sought the Lord, making fifteen  
within two weeks.  
Presiding Elder Norris is a flying  
evangel going from place to place on  
his district, pushing the battle of the  
Lord's hosts. His office is no insecure.  
He is with his people and pastors in  
earnest desire for a sweeping revival  
over the entire district.  
Manchester is being moved by special  
evangelistic efforts on the line of holiness,  
in the First Baptist church. Many  
are reported as converted. The church  
is without a pastor, and it is uncertain

who will take care of the new converts.  
Evangelists Oakes and Bilhorn have  
been invited to remain for three months  
longer. They hold meetings each after-  
noon and evening.

Rev. W. A. Loyne has been deliver-  
ing a course of lectures to his people on  
American history. They have been  
given at the parsonage, but the interest  
has become such, that to accommodate  
all who wish to hear, they have been  
compelled to go to the church.  
The work of the Lord continues at  
Littleton. Oct. 10, seven were forward  
at the altar, and there has been no stop  
in conversions during the year and a  
half of the present pastorate. The new  
parsonage is plastered, and the money  
raised to pay for it all.

Rev. L. R. Danforth is having a very  
successful year at Groveton. This is  
his third year. During the second  
quarter he baptized eight—six children  
and two adults—and received eight  
into full membership. All the social  
and public services are well attended.  
At Stratford Hollow they have adopted  
the monthly-collection system. It  
works well; and once a month the  
preacher has his pay. At the second  
quarterly meeting the presiding elder's  
claim was paid for the year. It is hoped  
to do more for missions and the other  
benevolences than ever before. At the  
class-meeting held Oct. 5, there were  
thirty-five present, the most of whom  
took part in the service. The pastor is  
of the opinion that though it is far  
north, the man whose name is read off  
in connection with this place, need not  
feel grieved, for he will come among a  
warm-hearted people who love and  
serve God.

At the Woman's Foreign Missionary  
meeting at Lowell, Mrs. G. J. Jenkins  
reported for the New Hampshire Con-  
ference societies, in which there is a  
membership of 1,438 ladies and 360  
children. There are 48 auxiliaries—  
four more than last year. The amount  
of money contributed during the year  
was \$1,902.

Several of our New Hampshire pas-  
tors are busy on the Prohibition stump.  
We have seen it stated that nearly ev-  
ery Methodist preacher in the State will  
vote that ticket at the coming elec-  
tions. The day is fast coming when  
the rumrunner must change his business  
or emigrate.

At the quarterly conference of the  
Suncook Church held Oct. 9, the pas-  
tor's and presiding elder's claims for the  
current Conference year were reported  
as one-half paid. The debt upon the  
church property was reported to aggre-  
gate \$3,300, and on Sunday morning  
pledges amounting to \$2,450 to liqui-  
date this debt were secured in the con-  
gregation by Presiding Elder Norris.

B.

#### Church Register.

##### HERALD CALENDAR.

Holiness Meeting, in Wesleyan Hall, No. 36  
Broadfield St., at 2 p. m., every Monday.  
Holiness Meeting, at No. 39 Worcester St.,  
every Monday evening.  
Holiness Meeting, at the new hall, 16 Union  
Park St., near Washington, every Thurs-  
day evening.  
Convention of New England Conference  
Temperance Society, at Grace Church,  
Worcester, all day and evening, Nov. 11.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

Rev. G. S. Dearborn, Olathe, Johnson Co., Kas.

DEDICATION.—The M. E. Church at Walpole,  
Mass., will be dedicated on Saturday, Dec. 4. Further  
notice will be given.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

NOV.

13, 14, a. m., Cushing; 25, 26, Morrill;  
14, p. m., Friendship; 27, 28, p. m., Camden;  
20, 21, Westport; 22, 23, a. m., Rockport;  
23, 24, Northport.

DEC.

1, East Point; 12, p. m., 13, Montville;  
2, Chelsea; 17, Georgetown;  
3, 4, p. m., Windsor; 18, 19, a. m., No. Woolwich;  
4, 5, a. m., Cross Hill; 19, p. m., 20, No. Dresden;  
5, Waldoboro; 20, 21, a. m., No. Yarmouth;  
10, West Wadoboro; 22, p. m., 27, Clinton;  
11, 12, a. m., Seaboard; 27, 28, Troy.

JAN., 1887.

1, 2, a. m., Union; 12, 13, Southport;  
3, 4, p. m., Washington; 15, 16, a. m., Sheepscot Bay;  
5, 6, p. m., Bristol; 16, p. m., 17, Wiscasset;  
7, 8, a. m., Round Pt.; 21, 22, p. m., Thomaston;  
11, 12, a. m., Rockport; 22, 23, a. m., Thomaston;  
12, Boothbay; 23, 24, Rockland;  
29, 30, Damariscotta.

SABBATH SUPPLIES.

NOV.

27, 28, East Point & Pittsford;  
29, 30, Damariscotta.

DEC.

4, 5, Waldoboro & W. 25, 26, Clinton, by pas-  
tor; 18, 19, Georgetown, by J. Biram.

JAN., 1887.

8, 9, Boothbay & East Boothbay;

\* Quarterly conference, and such other service  
pastors desire.

C. A. PLUMER, P. E.

LEWISTON DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

NOV.

W. Durham, 13, 14; Orr's Island, 30, 31;  
Gorham, N. H., 27, 28.

[The full list will appear next week.]

E. T. ADAMS, P. E.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The next monthly  
meeting of the New England Methodist Historical  
Society will be held in the Society's Room, No. 21,  
Wesleyan Building, No. 36 Broadfield St., Boston,  
Monday, Nov. 15, at 2:30 p. m. Directors will meet  
at 2 p. m. Rev. Edward B. Othman will read a  
paper on the "Life and Labors of the late Rev.  
Edward Othman." All are invited.  
R. W. ALLEN, Cor. Secy.

NOTICE.—The regular meeting of the New  
England Education Society will be held in the Jacob  
Shepley Hall, Boston University, on Monday, Nov.  
5, at 2 p. m. N. T. WHITAKER, Secy.

HELP FOR THE CHARLESTON (S. C.)  
CHURCHES.—I acknowledge the receipt of the  
following collections and contributions for the  
Charleston Methodist Churches, the sums to be  
equally divided between the M. E. Church and the  
M. E. Church, South: Collection at Trinity M. E.  
Church, Charleston, \$58.00; part of collection at  
Monument Square M. E. Church, \$16.33; Rev. Dr.  
Steele, of Dorchester, \$1.00; Mr. C. T. Borden,  
of Mansfield, \$4.00; Rev. E. Davies, of Boston



## The Family.

### WHO CALLS?

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

The following legend concerning the origin of the name of the river "Qui Appelle" is a branch of the Andalusian, is told by the Crees of Red River Territory.

Where, drooping low, the elm tree branches  
Dip in the crystal stream,  
What time the ash-leaved maple dances  
Gray-quivering in the fiery glances  
Of autumn's sunset gleam—  
Who from the darkling wood advances,  
Crossing the golden beam?

An Indian brave from chase returning  
As evening shadows fall,  
For wife and child's embraces yearning,  
And the red fire at evening burning  
Within the wigwag wall;  
For these dear things the woodland spurn-  
ing—  
When his! A low, clear call!

True to the hunter's forest training,  
To east and west the eye,  
Skilled to discover danger, straining,  
The white soft blows of paddle raining  
Cause the canoe to fly;  
As the day's lingering light is waning,  
And darkness draweth nigh.

And now! A pause—his ear is bending  
Over the gunwale low;  
His fancy to the silence lending  
Echoes of hunters' voices ending  
Their chase long years ago,  
With mingled shrieks of victims rending  
The air with wails of woe.

Silence! Again the paddle flying,  
Sure stroke with steady hand,  
Fast through the spectral forest flying,  
Swift, for the short-hour day is dying  
In the northwestern land.  
The boat speeds to the village, lying  
Just yonder on the strand.

Hark! Once again that voice is calling  
In accents clear and low,  
August yet gentle in its falling,  
Nor shriek of beast nor cry appalling,  
Nor groan of pain or woe;  
Some one the chieftain's name is calling,  
Who well the name doth know.

"Who calls?" "Who calls?" The shades  
Are deeper,  
Night creeps on apace;  
"Who calls?" Or man, or ghostly sleeper,  
Or feathered wing, or shiny creeper,  
Let me but see thy face!  
Say, art thou happy spirit or weeper,  
Or victor from the chase?"

No answer! But the silence broken  
By his own name once more!  
The chieftain hears the awful token—  
The Manitou three times has spoken.  
"I come!" and by the shore  
The stream by quivering rills is broken—  
The chieftain is seen no more.

And so the Indians name the river,  
Which onward to the falls,  
Where the dark elms and maples quiver,  
Eddies in circling curves forever,  
Like closely-folding palms,  
As in the sunset light they sliver,  
By the sweet name, "Who calls?"

### LOUIS AGASSIZ. 1807—1874.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

I suppose many have lingered over that poem by Longfellow, "The Fifty-third Birthday of Agassiz," and doubtless some have been charmed with its beauty who knew little of the life of one of whose milestones it commemorated. But full of study and of research as that life was, and simple and sweet and musical as the verses are, poet could not have told, I think, more truly all its story than in the two volumes recently published. It is an interesting, suggestive and stimulating history even to those of us who cannot follow and appreciate all the details of his studies and explorations.

One of the most noticeable things about it is the purpose that Agassiz held so firmly from the first, and realized so triumphantly. Born in 1807, he was the son of a Swiss clergyman, and his home was, if a quiet, a very pleasant one. His mother sympathized with his plans, entered heartily into his aspirations, shared his anxieties, and from the beginning, followed very closely his studies and his work. His father, too, was hardly less intimate a counselor and friend. These parents had planned and struggled to give their children an excellent education. They gave Agassiz what seem large opportunities, and he improved them greatly. They were anxious that he should stand high and securely in some active profession, and both they and he favored that of medicine, especially as the boy's grandfather held an honorable place as a physician. So, following his school-days came years of study at the universities.

But the youth had already inclined very strongly to the study of natural history. It became more and more a passion with him. It was not a youthful enthusiasm only, but an absorbing purpose, an occupation, the work that he longed should be his life-work. He studied and explored, and collected specimens, with remarkable skill, diligence and assiduity. Long before he saw his way clear to a secure position and maintenance as a naturalist, he had made extensive original researches, and what was more remarkable, he owned a large and valuable collection of specimens—rather a strange property to be the possession of so young a man, and one otherwise poor.

His inability to buy the books he needed to prosecute his studies, was a trial to him. He said that he copied two volumes relating to his studies, and his brother copied half of another for him. But he soon found that books could never be so valuable or helpful to him in his work as nature herself. He many times corrected the mistakes of men older and presumably wiser than he, and he made great advances in his chosen career by his faithful observation of the things he saw or could find. His room was always "a little menagerie." At college he fraternized with a young man who was, or became, a botanist, and they and other students

regularly gave lectures, which the students, and often the professors, attended, each student taking his own special study, and explaining and illustrating some branch of it as ably as possible. Agassiz wrote home: "You can imagine how useful this must be in preparing us to speak in public and with coherence; the experience is the more important, since we all desire nothing so much as, sooner or later, to become professors in very truth, after having played at professor in the university."

While pursuing his medical studies, his mind turned more and more to the work of a naturalist. This calling, however, promised hardly the scantiest maintenance. His parents wished him to at least take his degree as physician, as a possible reliance, and this was the more willing to do because his studies in anatomy were helpful in his researches. He wrote them: "I hope yet to prove to you that with a brevet of doctor as a guarantee, natural history may be a man's bread-winner, as well as the delight of his life." And again he told of his plans in a letter to his mother: "I wish it may be said of Louis Agassiz, that he was the first naturalist of his time, a good citizen and a good son, beloved of those who know him. I feel within myself the strength of a whole generation to work toward this end, and I will reach it if the means be not wanting." Before he had left the university, he had found himself to be toward the fulfillment of his aim in the preparation of a large illustrated work on fishes. It yielded him no money, but brought him the beginning of fame as a naturalist, and led on to other work.

But his dearest tasks were those of study and research. Very deeply, broadly and carefully did he lay the foundations of his knowledge and his life-work. Certainly something of the breadth and height and immortality of his fame is due to the earnestness and sincerity which satisfied itself of truth only by facts proved to be facts by laborious, constant search and research, comparison and classification. It was as true of him then as afterward, that "Every fact in nature was sacred to him as part of an intellectual conception expressed in the earth and the beings living upon it."

University life was followed by study at home and in Paris, exploration and literary work. He was aided by friends, and by the celebrated scientist, Humboldt; and at last, by aid of the king, had a position which enabled him to prosecute his studies with few hindrances or distractions. In 1844 he came to America to lecture, and ere long settled in Cambridge as professor at Harvard, becoming the friend of our poets, Longfellow, Lowell, and Emerson. By and by he married here, and brought home from the native land his motherless children. A pleasant feature of his Cambridge life was his teaching of his own branches to the young girls who composed a school under his wife's care, in a part of the house built at Cambridge for Agassiz—a school which was undertaken so that he need not, as formerly, eke out his salary by wearing lecture tours. "He never had an audience more responsive or more eager to learn than the sixty or seventy girls who gathered every day at the close of the morning to hear his daily lecture; nor did he ever give to any audience lectures more carefully prepared, more comprehensive in their range of subjects, more lofty in their tone of thought." For some years his daughters, with their nearest friends, used to spend one afternoon each week with him in his study, while he talked to them about his favorite sciences.

There is a pleasant account of his fiftieth birthday—that already referred to. Agassiz was engaged, at the time, on one of his most important works. He "had promised himself that the first volume should be done in time for his fiftieth birthday, a mile-stone along the road to mark, as it were, his half century." He was accustomed to work far into the night on it, and some of his special students had arranged to go and serenade him at midnight, just before his birthday began. They sang before his window many songs—some of them suggestive of Germany and his college days—and they went in also with flowers and congratulations, giving him exquisite pleasure. And at a birthday dinner next day Mr. Longfellow read his poem.

The school which Louis Agassiz founded at Penikese has become familiar, in its history and purpose, to most readers. It was the pioneer of the summer schools now so numerous. His simplicity and singleness of purpose are shown in the story of this school's beginning, with the plain, simple accommodations, forgotten, as elaborate ones would have been, in the work undertaken. J. G. Whittier's familiar poem describes the opening of the school, and the reverent and obedient spirit of the teacher. In this connection, and as a fitting close to this brief sketch, I give his own words quoted by his friend, Mr. E. P. Whipple: "My experience in prolonged scientific investigation convinces me that a belief in God, a God who is behind and within the chaos of unguessed facts beyond the present vanishing points of human knowledge, adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the region of the unknown. For myself I may say that I never now make the preparations for penetrating into some small province of nature hitherto undiscovered without breathing a prayer to the Being who hides His secrets from me only to lure me graciously on to the unfolding of them."

### "WOMAN IN SACRED SONG."

"Woman in Sacred Song," is the title of a new book whose authors are all women. It is dedicated to the women of the nineteenth century by the editor and compiler, Mrs. Eva Munson Smith, of Springfield, Ill., and is worthy of their high honor and praise. Nothing

like it was ever before known on earth. A volume of nearly 900 double-column pages, containing 140 pieces of music (the song of our Lord's mother is there in set to music), and numerous illustrations, and every hymn and psalm and tune in it the work of women! What a splendid, immortal monument to her sex has Mrs. Smith raised! May her reward be great! Hers was a labor of faith and love; and great, and severely tried, has been her patience. Her publishers promised that the book should be out in June; then in July. There are not too many men who keep their promises. Why?

From high quarters the beautiful book is warmly praised. The *National Bulletin* calls it "the greatest success of our times." It should be in every library and in every reading-room. Every bride should have it, and every woman who is able to procure it. Price, from \$3.50 to \$5. Published by Daniel Lothrop & Co., Boston. It may be ordered of Mr. S. C. Smith, Springfield, Ill.

AUGUSTA MOORE.

### CALLS ASIDE.

"I have somewhat to say unto thee,"  
Called aside—  
From the glad working of thy busy life,  
From the world's ceaseless stir of care and strife,  
Into the shade and stillness by thy heavenly Guide;  
For a brief space thou hast been called aside.

Lonely hours  
Thou hast spent, weary on a couch of pain,  
Watching the golden sunshine and the falling rain;  
Hours, whose sad length only to Him was known  
Who trod the sadder pathway, dark and lone.

Laid aside—  
May not the little cup of suffering be  
A loving one of blessing given to thee?  
The cross of chastening sent thee from above  
By Him who bore the cross, whose name is Love.

Called aside—  
Hast thou no memories of that "little while?"  
No sweet remembrance of thy Father's smile?  
No hidden thoughts that wrapped thee in their hold  
Of Him who did such light and grace unfold?

Called aside—  
Perhaps into a desert garden dim,  
And not lone, when thou hast been with Him,  
And heard His voice in sweetest accents say,  
"Child, wilt thou not with Me this still hour stay?"

Called aside—  
In hidden paths with Christ thy Lord to tread,  
Deeper to drink at the sweet fountain-head;  
Closer in fellowship with Him to roam,  
Nearer, perchance, to feel thy heavenly home.

Called aside—  
O! knowledge deeper grows with Him alone,  
In secret of His deeper love is shown,  
And learn, in an hour of dark distress,  
Some rare, sweet lesson of His tenderness.

Called aside—  
We thank Thee for the stillness and the shade;  
We thank Thee for the hidden paths Thy love had made;  
And that we have wept and watched with Thee,  
We thank Thee for our dark Gethsemane.

Called aside—  
O! restless thought—He doeth all things well—  
O! blessed sense, with Christ alone to dwell;  
So, in the shadow of Thy cross to hide,  
We thank Thee, Lord, to have been called aside!

—Selected.

### "GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY."

BY KATHARINE LINT STEVENSON.

(Concluded.)

Within a month, Dr. Brownell was summoned to Mrs. Grant's bedside. "I don't know what is the matter with me, Doctor," she said faintly, in answer to his question. "I gave out all at once and all over, and it seems to me that I shall never be able to pull myself up again. I don't care much. If I could only die, I should not care at all; but if I am to be sick a long time—O Doctor, promise me that if I am to be sick a long time, that my dear friend, Mrs. Grant, shall come near me! I can't stand her. And won't you tell the Doctor that I must have Aunt Debby here? O Doctor, I must!"

And here, for the first time in her life, Helen Grant fell into a storm of hysterical sobbing.

The Doctor soothed her like a tired child, and did not leave her until she had fallen into a light slumber.

"Deacon Grant," he said, as he joined that anxious husband in the room below, "your wife is a very sick woman. I foresee this clearly the day I dined with you. It is a clear case of complete nervous prostration. She must have the most perfect care and absolute rest. You must keep guests out of the house, and I will not be answerable for consequences if your Aunt Myra enters her room. She must have some one to care for her whom she really loves—her Aunt Deborah would be the best."

"But," interrupted the Deacon, who had been inwardly chafing under this torrent of advice, "I can't see why all this is necessary. Aunt Myra is as good a nurse as Aunt Debby."

"Your wife loves Aunt Debby, and loathes Aunt Myra; isn't that reason enough?"

"But—she ought not to be humored in such whims; she ought not to give way to them. It ain't Christian—the way she feels toward Aunt Myra."

"Wait until you are a woman with worn-out nerves before you pronounce judgment," said the Doctor sternly. "I tell you this is a matter of life or death, and I will not undertake the case unless my orders are strictly obeyed."

Aunt Debby came the next day, and was duly installed mistress of the sick room. If the Doctor had entertained any fears lest her well-known sweetness of temperament should unfit her to cope with Aunt Myra, they were quickly dispelled. To two people in this world could Aunt Debby be stern—Deacon Grant and his aunt; for hadn't they—to use her own words—"taken all the life and hope out of my blessed baby?"

"Keep Aunt Myra out of the room?" she had said in answer to the Doctor's

command; "if she comes in, it will be over my prostrate form."

But Aunt Myra was not so easily kept out; she proved herself fertile in expedients for reaching that chamber door, and many were the passages-at-arms she had with Aunt Debby in the hall, on the staircase—wherever she could manage to waylay her.

Aunt Debby always locked the door and put the key in her pocket whenever she was obliged to leave the room; but one day, having failed to do so, she returned, to find her patient in hysterics, with Aunt Myra standing over her and lecturing her in a high key on the sin of incurring so much expense, with nothing the matter but laziness.

After that the Deacon himself was obliged to present to his aunt the alternative of keeping out of the sick-room, or leaving the house, and she chose the former in high dudgeon.

These were strange days for Deacon Grant. Never, since he had had a house of his own, had he passed a week without company. He felt that his cardinal virtue was fast rusting through disuse. Even the most assiduous droppers-in had ceased to come, for the Doctor had not failed to notify the entire village that there must be no guests at the Grant mansion. Was there anything the matter with his wife, anyway? Aunt Myra said there was not, and Aunt Myra was an experienced nurse. She complained of no pain—only lay white and still. It did seem as if it were nothing but nervousness, and if there was anything a woman ought not to be humored in, it was nerves. Fine airs this young Doctor was putting on! What if Aunt Myra were right, and it was all a plot between him and Aunt Deborah!

Thus, for a week, the Deacon fumed, and on Saturday he started for the mill—his grand recruiting place for guests. His wife heard the heavy wagon lumbering out of the yard, and though she said not a word, Aunt Deborah noticed that she grew more and more restless as the morning wore on, and the pink flush on her cheek deepened to crimson.

When the Doctor came at noon, he found her in a high fever. "Hum!" he said, with an ominous shake of the head. "I've been fighting typhoid symptoms from the first, and it looks now as if they had gotten the better of me. What has occasioned the change? Have you any idea?"

The words were hardly spoken before Mrs. Grant sprang up, with a wild light in her eye, crying, "Hush! they've come. Didn't I tell you so! I always brings them from the mill. I must go right down to get dinner; while at the same instant, steps were heard on the piazza below, and a gruff masculine voice announcing, "You have a fine view here, Deacon."

"Company!" gasped Aunt Debby, and then flew to her charge, for it required all her own and the Doctor's strength to keep her in bed.

All that afternoon she raved: "Is there meat enough? O Sarah, have you made the coffee? How many are there? Ten, twenty, oh, hundreds and hundreds! How can I feed them all? And Aunt Myra says the bread is sour; she'll be sure to say it before them. O James! James!"

The success of that dinner party was never known. The Deacon left before they were seated at the table, and hurried, panic-stricken, to his wife's room, whence, as the sight of him only increased her ravings, he was summarily ejected by the Doctor. All that day he lingered in the passage, while her wild words burned into his soul, fixing as he afterwards said, the brand of Cain upon his brow.

There followed weary weeks—weeks of anxious watching, weeks of prayer and agony. Even Aunt Myra seemed strangely subdued, while the Deacon moved about like a man from whom all hope had been crushed. There seemed no ground for hope, and yet they hoped and waited.

At last came the crisis. "To-night," said the Doctor, "the fever will turn. I will watch while you both go away and pray; for he knew well that neither bursting heart could bear the strain of that watch."

Aunt Debby threw herself on the sofa in the little parlor, and lay motionless; the Deacon went out of doors. Hour after hour he walked back and forth in a dumb anguish which could find no utterance, even in prayer. At last he dragged himself into the parlor, and said pleadingly, "Aunt Debby, do you think there's any hope?"

"Yes," was the calm reply, "there is great hope for her—that she will soon be in a land where company is unknown; and there is hope for you, too. You can air your favorite text on her tombstone—only I should like to add a footnote, saying that, in this instance, the 'given' is used in the sense of 'sacrificed.'"

"O my God!" said the stricken man, bowing his head upon his hands; "my punishment is greater than I can bear."

"Dear friends," broke in the Doctor—a glad note of joy in his voice—"let us give thanks to the Father. The crisis is passed, and she is sleeping sweetly."

And they gave thanks, with streaming eyes and bated breath; such thanks as can come only from hearts who have watched their dearest down through the death valley into the land of hope and life. And Aunt Debby whispered through her tears: "Forgive me, James. The anguish had driven me wild."

"I have nothing to forgive," he answered stoutly. "I deserved it all, and much more. I can never forgive myself."

"Doctor," he continued meekly, after Aunt Debby had stolen softly to the room above, "do you think if I were to send Aunt Myra away entirely, Helen's chance of recovery would be better?"

"Then to-morrow she shall go," said the Deacon emphatically. And to-morrow she went.

"Do you know, Deacon Grant," said Dr. Brownell, one sultry July day, as he and his bride lingered over their desert of berries and cream in the Deacon's cool dining-room: "do you know it is just five years ago to-day since I first dined with you?" "Five years, is it?" said the Deacon. "Well, well, it doesn't seem so long. They've been the happiest five years of my life, and I've you to thank that I've known how to live them."

"Me? Oh, no, not altogether; give a little thanks to Aunt Debby and the typhoid fever. By the way, Mrs. Grant, you don't keep open house now, I believe?"

"Open house! No, indeed; not so open as I want it by half; and the smile which lighted Helen Grant's face had no tinge of bitterness now. "I have to scold this husband of mine whenever I want company, and half the time even the scolding does no good. It's ridiculous, when I have such an excellent girl in the kitchen, and when Aunt Debby relieves me of almost all the care of Harry"—and she turned with a loving kiss to the three-year-old monarch enthroned in his high chair by her side.

"What do you think, Doc?" said the Deacon drily. "She's coaxed and coaxed until I've at last consented to her asking Aunt Myra here."

"Aunt Myra!" ejaculated the Doctor. "Yes, indeed, why not? The poor old woman is lonely and half sick; a change will do everything for her. Besides, I want to prove to you all, I've gained enough grace in the past five years to enable me to live with anybody."

"Grace is an excellent commodity," said Aunt Debby, grimly, "and I know you've got it, Helen; but I'm glad it is something beside grace that has put the color in your cheeks. I shall have more faith in the grace holding out, if it's backed up by blood and muscle."

"Well," said the Deacon, after she had laughed and subsided, "I've said she should come, and she shall. I'll do anything to please Helen. But if she's the Aunt Myra of five years ago, her stay will be a short one. I don't want another inscription chosen for my wife's tombstone—hey, Aunt Debby? But, seriously, friends"—and the smile with which he answered his wife's look of love was just a shade tearful—"my home was never a true home, nor a happy home, until I had learned to join with my given to hospitality" another text: "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." And I've learned that that 'provide' means something more than food and clothing."

"Amen!" said Aunt Deborah.

### LEAVE ME NO MORE.

BY G. E. YOUNG.

Oh, I am feeble! Doubt, distress, despair,  
Danger and death surround me everywhere.  
Alone I long have wandered, faint and sore;  
Leave me no more!

Darkness has long been spread around my way,  
While through the shadows gleamed no cheer-  
ing ray.  
But faintly now Thy light shines out before;  
Leave me no more!

Long have I murmured at my weary lot,  
Scorned that which was, and sighed for what was not;  
But now mine eyes behold Thy light before;  
Leave me no more!

Still clearer pour Thy light upon my way;  
Lead me from out the shadows into day;  
Make my life brighter, better than of yore;  
Leave me no more!

Be with me while I draw life's fleeting breath;  
Be with me when mine eyes shall close in death;  
And when its whining billows round me roar,  
Leave me no more!

Port Republic, N. J.

### "WHAT SHALL WE SAY THEN?"

BY MRS. OREO NICKERSON.

Shall we continue and multiply salaries, in order that temperance may abound? "God forbid!" Shall government, through voters, led by political bosses, authorize and protect this foul business of liquor-selling? Shall our homes and our land still be the prey of this culture that feeds on carnage and death—on the blood and fame of our brightest and best? Have not restriction (?) and regulation been tried long enough? Are not the results appalling? Dr. Talmage says drunkenness has multiplied itself in Brooklyn five times in the last five years.

If we would see this tide of death and destruction arrested, must we not try some more positive measures? And what but prohibition of manufacture and sale can reach the case? As a practical beginning, we must remove temptation. Our method must include prevention as well as cure. We are our brother's keeper. Look at the poor victim of alcoholic thirst. Take only one case of the millions—our noble and lamented Gough. A near neighbor, one summer's day, found him on the sofa, his face buried in his hands, his wife near with a look of agony in her face. Asking what was the matter, Mr. Gough grasped his hand like a vice and said: "You think I care for you, Edward?" "Yes, you have given me many proofs of it," the friend answered. "And you think I love that little woman?" pointing to his wife. "I am sure you do, John, better than your life." "And yet," said Mr. Gough, and the beaded drops on his forehead told how great was his agony, "I would see you both dead at my feet for a glass of whiskey." It was such a battle as that, he met.

Is it not infinitely better to remove temptation before the appetite is formed? Whoever helps make laws or sentiment that perpetuate this curse, is more guilty than the man who stands behind the bar—than the men who make and sell. These do it with the sanction of the voter and under the protection of government. They are less culpable in part, from the lower moral plane of their education and surroundings.

And now it seems that Boston is to have a new ally in appliances for sacrificing her sons and daughters on this altar of Bacchus. The "Rochester Brewing Company" is bidding for a chance in this slaughter, in the shape of a "twenty-thousand-dollar bar," soon to be in Boston, if not already arrived. O Boston! with thy nine miles of saloons, what can be done to save thee, and through thee other parts of the Commonwealth, unless Christian voters say, "The liquor traffic shall cease!"

South Haverhill.

### The Little Folks.

#### A STORY OF AN APPLE.

Little Tommy and Peter and Archy and Bob were walking one day when they found an apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red and lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy, "I'll have it." Said Peter: "It's mine." Said Archy: "I've got it; so there!" Said Bobby: "Now, let us divide in four parts."

And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy; "I'll have it myself."

Said Peter: "I want it, I say." Said Archy: "I've got it, and I'll have it all!"

I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he fought, (Till said and distressing to tell!) And Archy held on with his might and his main, Till out from his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew, And then, down a green little hill, That apple it rolled, and it rolled, and it rolled, As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass And switching her tail at the flies, When all of a sudden the apple rolled down And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two—That apple was seen nevermore! "I wish," whispered Archy and Peter and Tom, "We'd kept it and cut it in four."

—Independent.

### BOUND IN HONOR.

"There is Jeanie Paul. She has been visiting at Lulu Hardy's," said Constance Stacy to Eleanor Ames. "Now we shall find out whether Lulu's father is as stern as he looks, and why Mrs. Hardy always has such a sad, woe-begone face."

The two girls joined Jeanie, who greeted them very pleasantly. They walked on together, and presently Miss Constance, bent on gaining information, inquired after Lulu.

"Lulu is well, and sent her love to all the girls," said Jeanie.

"And did you enjoy yourself in Arlington?" asked Eleanor.

"Very much indeed. Lulu's home is lovely, and she is so very thoughtful of her friends. It seems as though she can not do enough for a guest."

"Isn't her father awfully queer and cross?" pursued Constance. "He frowns so in church, and never seems to be enjoying himself. I cannot imagine how you dared to stay in the house with him."

Jeanie's face was quite a study; her dark eyes almost flashed as she turned to Constance, saying:

"Mr. Hardy is a kind, good man, and Lulu's father besides; but if he were what you seem to fancy, do you suppose I would tell you? I could not be so mean. Mother has always told me that what I see or hear in a friend's house is sacred, and that to chatter things which a friend might not wish to have known would be unworthy of a lady."

At the corner the girls separated, Constance and Eleanor looking rather ashamed, and Jeanie walking down her own street with a very steady step, holding her head high. That she should be supposed capable of tale-telling was a great annoyance to her, for her mother had trained her to be honorable.

Children dear, may I whisper to you that we are sometimes bound in honor not to gossip about persons or occurrences, even when nobody has forbidden us to speak?

Should you happen to be sitting, you little Susie, or you Walter, as quiet as a mouse in the corner of the parlor with your book, and mamma coming in with a friend holds a conversation not meant for your ears, you should either get up and go away, or, if you cannot go away, you should forget all about what has been said. Above all, never go around looking wise, and dropping mysterious hints, which curious people may take up as pegs to hang their questions on.

Curiosity, when it leads you to study carefully God's wonders in stones and flowers, is a good thing. It is a good thing where it sends you to the library to find out everything the cyclopaedia can tell you about a subject. When it is only an idle desire to peer into somebody's home-life, it is a very bad thing. In fact, I hardly know of any way in which trouble is so surely made in this queer world of ours as by foolish people who go from one person to another thoughtlessly carrying wicked little bits of gossip.

If Nanny or Lucy tell you that Maggie says you are awkward, or slow, or vain, or any other thing which is uncomplimentary, you are not very likely to feel pleased with Maggie. She should not have spoken unkindly about you, for her part; but if you will blame any one, the needless talkers who carried her comments are worse than she.

The Bible says that "a whisperer separateth chief friends." It was true in the old Bible times, and it is just as true to-day.

A private and confidential note should never be shown to a second pair of eyes.

If you ever have reason to think that a friend does not wish a matter to be repeated, make it your business to be silent.







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### The Week.

#### DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, October 26

Death of Hon. Mason W. Tappan, attorney general of New Hampshire.

Mr. George H. Chickering chosen president of the Handel and Haydn Society, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of its late president, C. C. Perkins.

Death of Mrs. Cornelia M. Stewart, widow of the late millionaire dry goods merchant of New York, A. T. Stewart.

Eugene S. Taylor, the Deerfield child murderer, sentenced to State Prison for life.

Wednesday, October 27

An express car on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway robbed, with a loss of \$50,000; the express messenger being overpowered by masked men.

Death of Alfred Smith, of Newport, R. I., the "Real Estate King."

Suspension, by the President, of two district attorneys for making political speeches.

A grand reception to our French visitors given in the New York Academy of Music, opening the ceremonies attendant upon the dedication of the Bartholdi statue.

Publication of some of the horrible details of the massacre of Christians at Uganda, Africa, last June.

Thursday, October 28

Burning of the fine building of the Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland, Ohio.

Suits brought against the Riverside Oswego Mills by the United States district attorney for Rhode Island, for importing foreign labor.

Sixteen houses in Pocahontas, Va., burned. One life lost. Property loss, \$50,000.

Shipley, Doisy & Co., Cincinnati dealers in dry goods, embarrassed.

The Old Colony rolling mill in East Taunton destroyed by fire.

End of the Havana cigar-makers' strike. A state of siege proclaimed at Sofia.

Friday, October 29

The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty unveiled on Bedlow's Island, New York harbor, with an imposing civic, military and naval display, and with appropriate literary and musical exercises.

More than a score of passengers burned to death in a frightful disaster on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, fifteen miles from Portage, Wis.

Failure of the banking firm of William H. Dustin & Co., of Lincoln, Ill.

A shortage of \$75,000 discovered in the accounts of F. J. P. Bradley, of the Pullman Car Company.

Death of Rev. John Adams, of New York, while preaching in Wales.

Passage of the primary education bill in the French Chamber of Deputies.

Collision of the British steamer "Borderer," bound from Boston to London, with the "Mimra" in the Thames. Seven persons drowned.

Chadwick's thread mills in Bolton, England, partly destroyed by fire.

Lord Lytton to succeed Lord Lyons as British ambassador at Paris.

Saturday, October 30

Number of business failures throughout the country for the week, for the United States 196, and for Canada 19.

Occurrence of a serious smash-up on the Central Vermont road at Gasset's station. One man fatally injured, but the damage to rolling stock very large.

The "Pavonia" ashore on High Pine Ledge, off Duxbury Beach. A hole in her bow reported. The cabin passengers safely landed in Boston by a tug.

A gift of \$50,000 made by Miss Catharine Wolfe to the Italian Protestant Church in New York.

A dastardly attempt made to poison the president of Guatemala.

Monday, November 1

Thursday, Nov. 25, appointed by the President as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer.

The Standard coal mine, Mt. Pleasant, Penn., on fire. Six hundred men will be thrown out of work for months.

A large number of vessels reported ashore at various places on the coast and lake shores.

Burning of a large building in Chicago, involving a loss of \$250,000. Several lives lost by falling floors.

A bequest of \$100,000 received by Henry Bergh's society, by a decision in a Newport (R. I.) court.

The Boston Custom House allowed \$8,400 for repairs, by the department at Washington.

Seven villages destroyed by a volcano in the Friendly Islands.

Assembling of the Bulgarian sobranje at Tirnova.

Another ultimatum issued by Gen. Kaulbars to the Bulgarian regency.

Mr. W. D. Howells has written for *The Youth's Companion* three charming articles, recording his early life in Ohio. It is actual experience, not fiction, and it brings out, with many exquisite touches, the life of a boy in a Western log-cabin.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.—The exact spot where stood the log-cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born has recently been identified by the Art Department of the *Century*, and will be pictured in the November number in connection with the Nicolay and Hay Life of the President. The house has long since passed away, but *The Century* will reproduce a sketch from memory by one who had seen the humble structure. A few fruit trees, planted by the father of the President, are all that remain of the "house-place."

Professor Charles A. Young contributes to the November *Popular Science Monthly* an instructive paper on "Recent Advances in Solar Astronomy." In it he summarizes in a very readable way the results obtained and

discoveries made during the last five years by the principal investigators who have been studying the physics of the sun.

An advertisement intended for business men or one which tends to produce immediate results, should be placed in daily papers. To attract the attention of people living in any particular city, the daily should always be used. For lists of these papers, with prices, special offers, etc., send to George P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

A wonderful discovery has just been made for improving the baking qualities of the Cooking Range. The Smith & Anthony Stove Company are the exclusive proprietors in the Eastern States for the celebrated Wire Gauge Oven Door. By its use the quality of the food is improved, and in an ordinary family the saving in fuel and fuel by using this door is enough to repay the cost of the range in a single year. Complete circulars describing this wonderful improvement as applied to the New Hub Range will be received by addressing the above firm.

## Odd Centre Dishes.

Novelties in Shapes, — to wit, shells, squares, leaves, oblongs, tazzas, baskets, etc., with choice decorations from Ridgway's, Perkinhammer, Copeland's, and Dresden, for jellies, sweets, and fruits.

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We have reduced the prices on Overcoats for Boys from 9 to 17 years in the same proportion.

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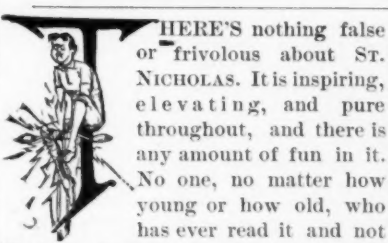
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